Cymbeline

Characters

CYMBELINE, King of Britain

CLOTEN, son to the Queen by a former husband

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, a gentleman, husband to Imogen

BELARIUS, a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan

GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS, sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of POLYDORE and CADWAL, supposed sons to Belarius

PHILARIO, Italian, friend to Posthumus

IACHIMO, Italian, friend to Philario

A FRENCH GENTLEMAN, friend to Philario

CAIUS LUCIUS, General of the Roman Forces

A ROMAN CAPTAIN

TWO BRITISH CAPTAINS

PISANIO, servant to Posthumus

CORNELIUS, a physician

TWO LORDS of Cymbeline's court

TWO GENTLEMEN of the same

TWO GAOLERS

QUEEN, wife to Cymbeline

IMOGEN, daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen

HELEN, a lady attending on Imogen

APPARITIONS
Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants

SCENE: Britain; Italy

Act I

SCENE I. Britain. The garden of CYMBELINE'S palace

FIRST GENTLEMAN.
You do not meet a man but frowns; our bloods
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers
Still seem as does the King's.

Every man you meet is frowning;
our moods aren't as susceptible to being influenced by the heavens
as the courtiers are to copying the moods of the King.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.
But what's the matter?

But what's the problem?

FIRST GENTLEMAN.
His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom, whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son- a widow
That late he married- hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman. She's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd. All
Is outward sorrow, though I think the King
Be touch'd at very heart.

His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom,
whom he intended to marry to his wife's only son–she's a widow
he only married recently–has hitched herself
to a good but poor gentleman. She is married;
her husband is exiled; she is in prison.
Everybody looks sorrowful, although I think the King
has been stabbed to the heart.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.
None but the King?

Just the King?

FIRST GENTLEMAN.

He that hath lost her too. So is the Queen,
That most desir'd the match. But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the King's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

The one who has lost her as well. And the Queen,
who was very keen on the marriage. But there isn't a courtier,
although they have scowls on their faces to match
the King, who isn't secretly glad about the thing
they pretend to scowl at.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.
And why so?

And why is that?

FIRST GENTLEMAN.
He that hath miss'd the Princess is a thing
Too bad for bad report; and he that hath her-
I mean that married her, alack, good man!
And therefore banish'd- is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think
So fair an outward and such stuff within
Endows a man but he.

The one who missed out on the Princess is a piece of work
whom you couldn't be too critical about; and the man who has her–
I mean the one who married her, alas, good man!
And so is exiled–is a person whom
you could search everywhere on earth
to find a match for, there would always be something lacking
in the one you found. I don't think
there is anyone on earth who has
such a good appearance coupled to such good qualities.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

You speak him far.

You speak very highly of him.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.
I do extend him, sir, within himself;
Crush him together rather than unfold
His measure duly.

I'm actually being quite reserved;
I'm pushing him down rather than
showing his true height.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.
What's his name and birth?

What's his name and what are his origins?

FIRST GENTLEMAN.
I cannot delve him to the root; his father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour
Against the Romans with Cassibelan,
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success,
So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus;
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars o' th' time,
Died with their swords in hand; for which their father,
Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The King he takes the babe
To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus,
Breeds him and makes him of his bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minist'red,
And in's spring became a harvest, liv'd in court-
Which rare it is to do- most prais'd, most lov'd,

A sample to the youngest; to th' more mature
A glass that feated them; and to the graver
A child that guided dotards. To his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd- her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

I can't quite get to the bottom of him; his father
was called Sicilius, who fought
against the Romans with Cassibelan,
but he got his titles from Tenantius, whom
he served gloriously and with great success,
and he was given the additional name Leonatus:
besides the gentleman we're talking about, he had
two other sons, who, in the walls of that time,
died on the battlefield; their father,
who was then old and, doting on his children,
was so grieved by this that he died; and his sweet wife,
pregnant with the gentleman we are talking about, died
in childbirth. The King took the baby
under his protection, called him Posthumus Leonatus,
raised him and made him one of his inner circle,
and gave him as much education as was
appropriate for his age; he took it in
as we take in air, as fast as he could get it,
and he flourished: he lived in court
(which is most unusual) greatly praised, greatly loved;
an example to the youngest, to the older ones
a model they couldn't live up to: and to the wise
a child who could outthink old men. As for his mistress,
(from whom he is now separated) the price she was prepared to pay
shows what she felt about him; through her choice
of him you can truly see his goodness,
the kind of man he is.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.
I honour him
Even out of your report. But pray you tell me,

Is she sole child to th' King?

I respect him
even just hearing of him. But please tell me,
is she the King's only child?

FIRST GENTLEMAN.
His only child.
He had two sons- if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it- the eldest of them at three years old,
I' th' swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stol'n; and to this hour no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

His only child.
He had two sons–if this is worth listening to,
make a note of it–who was stolen from their nursery,
the older one was three years old and the other
was just a baby; and to this day nobody has any idea
what happened to them.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.
How long is this ago?

How long ago was this?

FIRST GENTLEMAN.
Some twenty years.

Some twenty years.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.
That a king's children should be so convey'd,
So slackly guarded, and the search so slow
That could not trace them!

It's amazing that this could happen to the children of a king,
so poorly guarded, and the search so inefficient
that it couldn't find them!

FIRST GENTLEMAN.
Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

However strange it seems,
or however ridiculous the negligence seems,
it's still true, sir.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.
I do well believe you.

I certainly believe you.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.
We must forbear; here comes the gentleman,
The Queen, and Princess.

Exeunt

We must withdraw; here comes the gentleman,
the Queen and the Princess.

Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN

QUEEN.
No, be assur'd you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most stepmothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you. You're my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win th' offended King,
I will be known your advocate. Marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

No, I can promise, daughter, you won't find me–

as they say about most stepmothers–
unkind to you. You're my prisoner, but
your jailer will give you the keys
to your prison. As for you, Posthumus,
as soon as I can win over the upset King,
I will show that I'm on your side. Still,
at the moment he is furious, and it would be best
for you to accept his sentence with as much
patience as you can muster.

POSTHUMUS.
Please your Highness,
I will from hence to-day.

If it please your Highness,
I will leave here today.

QUEEN.
You know the peril.
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the King
Hath charg'd you should not speak together.
Exit

You recognise the danger.
I'll take a turn round the garden, as I pity
the anguish of forbidden love, though the King
has ordered that you should not speak to each other.

IMOGEN.
O dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath, but nothing-
Always reserv'd my holy duty- what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes, not comforted to live
But that there is this jewel in the world
That I may see again.

What false kindness! How good this evil woman is
at smiling when she stabs you! My dearest husband,
I am a little afraid of my father's anger, but not–
excepting the biblical duty I owe him–of
what he can do to me. You must go;
I shall stay here and suffer the constant
glare of his angry eyes, with no reason to live
except that I know that there is this beautiful thing in the world
that I may see again.

POSTHUMUS.
My queen! my mistress!
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man. I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth;
My residence in Rome at one Philario's,
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter; thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.
Re-enter QUEEN

My queen! My mistress!
Oh lady, stop weeping, in case I do something
which would make people think I was weaker
than a man ought to be. I will remain
the most loyal husband that ever took his vows;
in Rome I shall stay with someone called Philario,
who was a friend of my father's, I only
know him through letters; write there, my queen,
and my eyes will drink in the words you send,
even if the ink was poison.

QUEEN.
Be brief, I pray you.
If the King come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure. [Aside] Yet I'll move him

To walk this way. I never do him wrong
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
Pays dear for my offences.
Exit

Please be quick.
If the King comes, I can't imagine
how furious he'll be with me.[Aside] But I'll persuade him
to walk this way. He forgives me for
any wrong I do him, for the sake of staying friends;
he pays heavily for my wrongdoing.

POSTHUMUS.
Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!

If we were saying goodbye
for the rest of our lives,
the reluctance to part would just get worse. Goodbye!

IMOGEN.
Nay, stay a little.
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love:
This diamond was my mother's; take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

No, stay a little longer.
If you were just riding out to get some air,
this would be too small a goodbye. Look here, love:
this diamond belonged to my mother; take it, sweetheart;
always keep it until you woo another wife,
when Imogen is dead.

POSTHUMUS.
How, how? Another?
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,

And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death! Remain, remain thou here
[Puts on the ring]
While sense can keep it on. And, sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles
I still win of you. For my sake wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner. [Puts a bracelet on her arm]

What's this? Another?
You gentle gods, just give me what I have,
and don't let me be in the arms of another
until the day I die! You stay here
[puts on the ring]
as long as there is life to keep it here. And, sweetest, fairest,
as I exchanged my poor self for you
to your great disadvantage, even with trinkets
I still get a better bargain. Wear this for my sake;
it is a manacle of love; I'll put it
on this loveliest of prisoners.

IMOGEN.
O the gods!
When shall we see again?
Enter CYMBELINE and LORDS

Oh by the gods!
When shall we see each other again?

POSTHUMUS.
Alack, the King!

Alas, the King!

CYMBELINE.
Thou basest thing, avoid; hence from my sight!
If after this command thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest. Away!

Thou'rt poison to my blood.

You scum, stay away; get out of my sight!
If after this order you bother the court
with your unworthy presence, you shall die. Go!
You are poisonous to me.

POSTHUMUS.
The gods protect you,
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone.
Exit

May the gods protect you,
and blessed with good men still in the court!
I'm going.

IMOGEN.
There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

The sting of death
can't be as painful as this.

CYMBELINE.
O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st
A year's age on me!

You disloyal object,
you should be making me feel young, you have put
another year on me!

IMOGEN.
I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation.
I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

I beg you, sir,
don't work yourself into a state.
I can't feel your anger; there is a more exquisite pain
which triumphs over everything.

CYMBELINE.
Past grace? obedience?

Are you beyond grace? Obedience?

IMOGEN.
Past hope, and in despair; that way past grace.

I'm beyond hope, and in despair; in that way I am way past grace.

CYMBELINE.
That mightst have had the sole son of my queen!

You could have had my Queen's only son!

IMOGEN.
O blessed that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.

How blessed I am that I didn't! I chose an eagle,
and avoided a kite.

CYMBELINE.
Thou took'st a beggar, wouldst have made my throne
A seat for baseness.

You chose a beggar, who would have dragged my throne
down to the gutter.

IMOGEN.
No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

No; actually I added

to its glory.

CYMBELINE.
O thou vile one!

Oh you horrible girl!

IMOGEN.
Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus.
You bred him as my playfellow, and he is
A man worth any woman; overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Sir,
it is your fault that I fell in love with Posthumus.
You brought him up as my playmate, and he is
a man worthy of any woman; he's worth more than me,
the gap is almost as big as the price he is now paying.

CYMBELINE.
What, art thou mad?

What, are you mad?

IMOGEN.
Almost, sir. Heaven restore me! Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!
Re-enter QUEEN

Almost, sir. Heaven save me! I wish I was
a goatherd's daughter, and my Leonatus
was the son of our shepherd neighbour.

CYMBELINE.
Thou foolish thing!
[To the QUEEN] They were again together. You have done
Not after our command. Away with her,

And pen her up.

You stupid girl!
[To the Queen] They were together again.You have
not followed my orders.Take her away
and lock her up.

QUEEN.
Beseech your patience.- Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace!- Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves, and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.

Please be calm.Peace,
dear lady daughter, peace!Sweet King,
leave us alone, and go and reflect
on the matter.

CYMBELINE.
Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day and, being aged,
Die of this folly. Exit, with LORDS
Enter PISANIO

No, let her lose
a drop of blood a day and, having grown old,
die of this stupidity.

QUEEN.
Fie! you must give way.
Here is your servant. How now, sir! What news?

Ha!You will give in to me.
Here is your servant.Hello there sir!What's the news?

PISANIO.
My lord your son drew on my master.

My lord your son attacked my master with his sword.

QUEEN.
Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?

Ha!
I trust there's no harm done?

PISANIO.
There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger; they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

There might have been,
only my master was only playfighting,
and didn't lose his temper; they were separated
by some nearby gentlemen.

QUEEN.
I am very glad on't.

I'm very glad to hear it.

IMOGEN.
Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part
To draw upon an exile! O brave sir!
I would they were in Afric both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back. Why came you from your master?

Your son supports my father; he takes his side
by drawing his sword on an exile! What a brave chap!
I wish they were both in some deserted place,
with me standing by with a needle to prick
anyone who tried to back down. Why have you left your master?

PISANIO.
On his command. He would not suffer me

To bring him to the haven; left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When't pleas'd you to employ me.

At his orders.He wouldn't let me
accompany him to the harbour; he left these instructions
as to what I should do,
when you wanted to use me.

QUEEN.
This hath been
Your faithful servant. I dare lay mine honour
He will remain so.

He has been
a faithful servant to you.I'll wager
he will remain so.

PISANIO.
I humbly thank your Highness.

I humbly thank your highness.

QUEEN.
Pray walk awhile.

Please walk a while with me.

IMOGEN.
About some half-hour hence,
Pray you speak with me. You shall at least
Go see my lord aboard. For this time leave me.
Exeunt

About half an hour from now,
please come and speak to me.You shall at least
help my lord to board his ship.Leave me for now.

SCENE II. Britain. A public place

Enter CLOTEN and two LORDS

FIRST LORD.
Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the
violence
of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice. Where air comes
out,
air comes in; there's none abroad so wholesome as that you
vent.

Sir, I think you should change your shirt;
the efforts you've made make you smell like a sacrifice.
If you breathe out you have to breathe in,
and the outside air isn't as sweet as what you give off.

CLOTEN.
If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it. Have I hurt
him?

If my shirt had blood on it, then I would change it. Have I hurt him?

SECOND LORD.
[Aside] No, faith; not so much as his patience.

Indeed not, you haven't even hurt his pride.

FIRST LORD.
Hurt him! His body's a passable carcass if he be
not
hurt. It is a throughfare for steel if it be not hurt.

Hurt him! His body must have been dead already if he wasn't hurt.
It's a road for steel to pass through if he isn't hurt.

SECOND LORD.
[Aside] His steel was in debt; it went o' th' back
side the town.

His sword must have been in debt; it sneaked round the back way.

CLOTEN.
The villain would not stand me.

The villain couldn't stand me.

SECOND LORD.
[Aside] No; but he fled forward still, toward your
face.

No; but he ran away coming forwards, towards your face.

FIRST LORD.
Stand you? You have land enough of your own; but he
added to your having, gave you some ground.

*Stand you? You have plenty of land of your own; but he
added to it, by giving ground to you.*

SECOND LORD.
[Aside] As many inches as you have oceans.
Puppies!

*He gave as many inches as you have oceans.
Whippersnappers!*

CLOTEN.
I would they had not come between us.

I wish they hadn't stopped us.

SECOND LORD.
[Aside] So would I, till you had measur'd how long
a
fool you were upon the ground.

I wish they hadn't also, I wanted to see you

measuring out your stupidity on the ground.

CLOTEN.
And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

To think that she loves this fellow and refuses me!

SECOND LORD.
[Aside] If it be a sin to make a true election,
she is
damn'd.

If it's a sin to make the right choice,
she's damned.

FIRST LORD.
Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain
go
not together; she's a good sign, but I have seen small
reflection
of her wit.

Sir, as I always said, her beauty and her brains don't match;
she looks good, but I haven't seen much sign of intelligence.

SECOND LORD.
[Aside] She shines not upon fools, lest the
reflection
should hurt her.

She doesn't show it to fools, in case
she should have to listen to their replies.

CLOTEN.
Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had been some
hurt
done!

Come on, I'll go to my room. I wish I'd done him some injury!

SECOND LORD.
[Aside] I wish not so; unless it had been the fall
of
an ass, which is no great hurt.

I don't wish that; unless an ass had fallen down,
which is no great loss.

CLOTEN.
You'll go with us?

Will you come with me?

FIRST LORD.
I'll attend your lordship.

I'll wait on your lordship.

CLOTEN.
Nay, come, let's go together.

No, come on, let's go together.

SECOND LORD.
Well, my lord.
Exeunt

Good, my lord.

SCENE III. Britain. CYMBELINE'S palace

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO

IMOGEN.
I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' th' haven,
And questioned'st every sail; if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

I'd like you to stick to the shores of the harbour,
and ask on every ship; if he should write
and I don't get his letter, it will be a letter lost,
as bad as losing salvation. What was the last
thing he said to you?

PISANIO.
It was: his queen, his queen!

It was: 'my queen, my queen!'

IMOGEN.
Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Then he waved his handkerchief?

PISANIO.
And kiss'd it, madam.

And kissed it, madam.

IMOGEN.
Senseless linen, happier therein than I!
And that was all?

Unfeeling material, luckier than me!
And that was all?

PISANIO.
No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with his eye, or care
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

No, madam; for as long
as he could make me out, or I
could pick him out from the crowd, he stayed
on deck, still waving with his gloves, or his hat,
or his handkerchief, as if he wanted to show how
slowly and reluctantly his soul was going away,
compared to the speed of his ship.

IMOGEN.
Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

You should have waited until
he was as small as a crow, or smaller, before
you walked away.

PISANIO.
Madam, so I did.

Madam, that's what I did.

IMOGEN.
I would have broke mine eyestrings, crack'd them but
To look upon him, till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, followed him till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air, and then
Have turn'd mine eye and wept. But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

I would have strained my eyes to breaking point, broken them
just look at him, until the shrinking
of perspective had made him as small as a needlepoint;
no, I would have kept on watching until he had shrunk
from the size of a gnat to visibility, and then
I would have turned my eyes away and wept. But, good Pisanio,
when shall we hear from him?

PISANIO.
Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.

You can be sure, madam,
at his earliest opportunity.

IMOGEN.
I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say. Ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours
Such thoughts and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
T' encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And like the tyrannous breathing of the north
Shakes all our buds from growing.

I didn't say a proper goodbye, I had
very sweet things to say. Before I could tell him
how I would think different thoughts of him
at different times; or I could make him swear
that the women of Italy wouldn't
turn his head; or have ordered him,
at six in the morning, at noon, at midnight,
to pray at the same time as me, for then

I would be in heaven with him; before I could
give him that parting kiss, which I meant to come
between two charming words, in comes my father,
and like the chilly north wind
stopped our buds from flowering.

Enter a LADY

LADY.
The Queen, madam,
Desires your Highness' company.

The Queen, madam,
wants to see your Highness.

IMOGEN.
Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.
I will attend the Queen.

Attend to those things I told you to do.
I will wait on the Queen.

PISANIO.
Madam, I shall.
Exeunt

Madam, I shall.

SCENE IV. Rome. PHILARIO'S house

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a FRENCHMAN, a DUTCHMAN, and a SPANIARD

IACHIMO.
Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain. He was
then
of a crescent note, expected to prove so worthy as since he
hath
been allowed the name of. But I could then have look'd on him
without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his
endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him
by
items.

Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain. At that time he was on the rise, expected to show himself as good as he has since proved. But I could have looked at him without everyone praising him, as if there was a catalogue of accomplishments by his side, and I had to tick them off one by one.

PHILARIO.
You speak of him when he was less furnish'd than now
he
is with that which makes him both without and within.

You're speaking of the time when he was less equipped with those qualities which make him, both internal and external.

FRENCHMAN.
I have seen him in France; we had very many there
could
behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

I have seen him in France; we have very many good strong men like him there.

IACHIMO.
This matter of marrying his king's daughter, wherein

he
must be weighed rather by her value than his own, words him,
I
doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

This business of marrying his king's daughter, in which
he must be judged according to her value, not his own,
gives him, I think, a far greater reputation than he deserves.

FRENCHMAN.
And then his banishment.

And then his exile -

IACHIMO.
Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this
lamentable
divorce under her colours are wonderfully to extend him, be
it
but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might
lay
flat, for taking a beggar, without less quality. But how
comes it
he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Yes, and her followers who lament this separation
are very keen to give him their approval, so that
it justifies her choice, which otherwise one might
say was very questionable. But why is he
coming to stay with you? How has he wangled an introduction?

PHILARIO.
His father and I were soldiers together, to whom I
have
been often bound for no less than my life.

Enter POSTHUMUS

Here comes the Briton. Let him be so entertained amongst you as suits with

gentlemen of your knowing to a stranger of his quality. I beseech you all be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine. How worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

His father and I were soldiers together, and I
have often owed him my life.
Here comes the Briton. Give him a welcome
suitable from gentlemen of your
experience to a foreigner of his class. I would like you
all to get to know this gentleman, whom I
recommend to you as a noble friend of mine.
I'll leave you to find out how good he is,
rather than embarrass him by telling you about him now.

FRENCHMAN.
Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Sir, we knew each other in Orleans.

POSTHUMUS.
Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay and yet pay still.

Since when I have been in debt to
you for your kindness, which I will always be paying and will never have settled the debt.

FRENCHMAN.
Sir, you o'errate my poor kindness. I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Sir, you overrate my poor services.
I was glad I could reconcile you and my countryman; it
would have been a shame if you had come together
in such a deadly fight as you both intended, for
a matter of such little importance.

POSTHUMUS.
By your pardon, sir. I was then a young traveller; rather shunn'd to go even with what I

heard than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences; but upon my mended judgment- if I offend not to say it is mended- my quarrel was not altogether slight.

You must excuse me, sir. I was a young traveller then; I didn't want to look as if I was being guided by others, so I rejected everything I was told; but in my now better judgement–if it's not boasting to say that it is better–my grievance wasn't absolutely nothing.

FRENCHMAN.
Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords, and by such two that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other or have fall'n both.

Well, yes it was, to put it to the test of a duel, and by two such men who would probably have fought it out to the death.

IACHIMO.
Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

Would it be rude to ask what caused the quarrel?

FRENCHMAN.
Safely, I think. 'Twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses; this gentleman at that time vouching- and upon warrant of bloody affirmation- his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualified, and less attemptable, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

I think you can ask. It was a public argument, which can be reported without further conflict. It was very like an argument we had last night, where each of us started praising the ladies of his country; this gentleman at that time swore–and promised to prove it in a fight–that his was more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, loyal, accomplished and less likely to be seduced, than any of the best ladies in France.

IACHIMO.
That lady is not now living, or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

That lady must be dead, or this gentleman must have changed his opinion by now.

POSTHUMUS.
She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

She hasn't changed, and I haven't changed my mind.

IACHIMO.
You must not so far prefer her fore ours of Italy.

You mustn't prefer her like that above our Italian ladies.

POSTHUMUS.
Being so far provok'd as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

If I was provoked the same way I was in France, I wouldn't change anything, although I will say I am her honourable worshipper, not a cheap lover.

IACHIMO.
As fair and as good- a kind of hand-in-hand comparison- had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britain. If she went before others I have seen as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

As fair and as good–a kind of like-for-like comparison–would make her too fair and too good for any lady in Britain. If she was as far ahead of othersI have seen as that diamond of yours outshines many I have seen, I would have to believe she was above many; but I haven't seen the most valuable diamond there is, and you haven't seen the lady.

POSTHUMUS.
I prais'd her as I rated her. So do I my stone.

I gave her the praise I think she's worth. I do the same with my stone.

IACHIMO.
What do you esteem it at?

And what value do you give it?

POSTHUMUS.
More than the world enjoys.

Above than anything in the world.

IACHIMO.
Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's outpriz'd by a trifle.

Either your matchless mistress is dead, or she's
been beaten by a trinket.

POSTHUMUS.
You are mistaken: the one may be sold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase or merit for the gift; the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

You are mistaken: one may be sold or
given, if you have enough money to buy it or you deserve
the gift; the other is not a thing which can be bought, and
can only be given by the gods.

IACHIMO.
Which the gods have given you?

Which one have the gods given you?

POSTHUMUS.
Which by their graces I will keep.

The thing that with their blessings I will keep.

IACHIMO.
You may wear her in title yours; but you know strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stol'n too. So your brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but frail and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

She can be yours in name; but you know
women can entertain some strange visitors. Your ring could also
be stolen. So these two things you think are priceless, one is
weak and the other can be lost; a cunning thief, or a
amorous courtier, would back themselves to win
the pair of them.

POSTHUMUS.
Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress, if in the holding or loss of that you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

The whole of Italy doesn't contain such a skilful
courtier to lead my mistress astray, if that's what
you're implying by calling her frail. I've no doubt you have
plenty of thieves here; despite that, I'm not worried about my ring.

PHILARIO.
Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Let's go from here, gentlemen.

POSTHUMUS.
Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Sir, certainly. This worthy gentleman,
I thank him, doesn't treat me like a stranger; he's familiar from the start.

IACHIMO.
With five times so much conversation I should get ground of your fair mistress; make her go back even to the yielding, had I admittance and opportunity to friend.

With five times as much talk I could press home
my advantage on your fair mistress; I could make her retreat
until she gave up, if I only got a chance to talk to her.

POSTHUMUS.
No, no.

No, no.

IACHIMO.
I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something. But I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation; and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

I would bet my inheritance against your ring on this,
which in my opinion rather overvalues it. But I
am making the bet against your confidence, meaning
no insult to her reputation; and to save you being offended
also, I would back myself to do this with any lady in the world.

POSTHUMUS.
You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a persuasion, and I doubt not you sustain what y'are worthy of by your attempt.

You are deluding yourself in thinking you
could manage this, and I'm sure if you tried
you would get what you deserve.

IACHIMO.
What's that?

What's that?

POSTHUMUS.
A repulse; though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more- a punishment too.

Rejection; though your attempt, as you call it,
would deserve more–a punishment too.

PHILARIO.
Gentlemen, enough of this. It came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and I pray you be better acquainted.

Gentlemen, that's enough. You flared up too quickly; let the quarrel vanish as quickly, and I beg you to get to know each other better.

IACHIMO.
Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on th' approbation of what I have spoke!

I wish I'd bet my estate and my neighbour's on my being able to do what I said!

POSTHUMUS.
What lady would you choose to assail?

What lady would you make your attempt on?

IACHIMO.
Yours, whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserv'd.

Yours, whom you are so certain will stay loyal. I bet you ten thousand ducats against your ring that, if you give me an introduction to the court where your lady is, with just two meetings with her I will be able to lead her astray from that honour of hers which you think is so unbreakable.

POSTHUMUS.
I will wage against your gold, gold to it. My ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

I'll bet the same amount of gold against your gold. My ring is as dear to me as my finger; they are inseparable.

IACHIMO.
You are a friend, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting. But I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

I feel you agree with me, and so are being cautious. However precious you think a woman is, you can't stop her from going to the bad. But I see you have some superstition about it.

POSTHUMUS.
This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

This is all just chatter; I hope that you will back up what you say.

IACHIMO.
I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

I mean what I say, and I swear I would do what I said.

POSTHUMUS.
Will you? I Shall but lend my diamond till your return. Let there be covenants drawn between's. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Will you? I shall just lend you my diamond until your return. Let's have a contract drawn up between us. The goodness of my mistress outweighs the enormity of your unworthy thoughts. I'll make this bet with you: here's my ring.

PHILARIO.
I will have it no lay.

I don't think this is a wager.

IACHIMO.
By the gods, it is one. If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the

dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours- provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

By the gods, it is one. If I don't bring you sufficient
evidence that I have enjoyed the sweetest parts of your mistress'
body, my ten thousand ducats are yours; and you get your diamond
back too. If I fail, and leave her with the honour you believe in
intact, she, your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold or yours–
provided you give me references so I get a good welcome.

POSTHUMUS.
I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us. Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy- she is not worth our debate; if she remain unseduc'd, you not making it appear otherwise, for your ill opinion and th' assault you have made to her chastity you shall answer me with your sword.

I agree to these conditions; let's have the contracts
drawn up. However, I will say this: if you do succeed
and give me certain proof that you have won,
I won't be your enemy any longer–she won't be worth our
arguing over; if she remains unseduced, and you can't prove
differently, you we'll have to fight a duel with me
for your rudeness and the attack you have made on her chastity.

IACHIMO.
Your hand- a covenant! We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve. I will fetch my gold and have our two wagers recorded.

Give me your hand–it's a bet! We will have these things
properly written down by lawyers, and I'll go to Britain at once,
striking while the iron's hot. I will fetch my gold
and have our bets written down.

POSTHUMUS.
Agreed.

Exeunt POSTHUMUS and IACHIMO

Agreed.

FRENCHMAN.
Will this hold, think you?

Do you think they will follow through on this?

PHILARIO.
Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray let us follow 'em.

Exeunt

Signor Iachimo won't back down. Come on, let's follow them.

SCENE V. Britain. CYMBELINE'S palace

Enter QUEEN, LADIES, and CORNELIUS

QUEEN.
Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;
Make haste; who has the note of them?

Go and pick those flowers while the dew is still on the ground;
be quick; who has the list?

LADY.
I, madam.

I have, madam.

QUEEN.
Dispatch.

Exeunt LADIES

Now, Master Doctor, have you brought those drugs?

Hurry up.

Now, Master Doctor, have you brought those drugs?

CORNELIUS.
Pleaseth your Highness, ay. Here they are, madam.
[Presenting a box]
But I beseech your Grace, without offence-
My conscience bids me ask- wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds
Which are the movers of a languishing death,
But, though slow, deadly?

I have, your Highness. Here they are, madam.
[Offering her a box]
But I beg your Grace, without wanting to cause offence–

my conscience makes me ask–why have you
asked me for these very poisonous preparations
which can bring about a slow death,
slow acting but deadly?

QUEEN.
I wonder, Doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded-
Unless thou think'st me devilish- is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging- but none human-
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act, and by them gather
Their several virtues and effects.

I'm surprised, Doctor,
that you ask me such a question. Haven't I been
your pupil for a long time? Haven't you taught me how
to make perfume? To distil? To preserve? Even so
that our great king himself has often asked me
for my creations? Having learnt this much–
unless you think I'm evil–isn't it right
that I should extend my knowledge
with other experiments? I will try the strength
of these preparations on insignificant
creatures–not on humans–
to see how well they work, and to test
cures for them, and in that way I will learn
their different powers and virtues.

CORNELIUS.
Your Highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart;

Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Your Highness
will only make yourself hardhearted through doing this;
besides, the effects that you create will be
both unpleasant and infectious.

QUEEN.
O, content thee.
Enter PISANIO
[Aside] Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him
Will I first work. He's for his master,
An enemy to my son.- How now, Pisanio!
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

Oh, relax.

[Aside] Here comes an obsequious rascal; I'll try
these things on him first. He's on his master's side,
he's an enemy to my son.–Hello there, Pisanio!
Doctor, that's all I need from you for now;
off you go.

CORNELIUS.
[Aside] I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm.

I have my suspicions of you, madam;
but you shall do no harm.

QUEEN.
[To PISANIO] Hark thee, a word.

Listen, I want a word.

CORNELIUS.
[Aside] I do not like her. She doth think she has

Strange ling'ring poisons. I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile,
Which first perchance she'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterward up higher; but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer
So to be false with her.

I don't trust her. She thinks she has
strange slow acting poisons. I know what she's like,
and I won't trust someone as unpleasant as her
with such dangerous drugs. The ones I've given her
will bring unconsciousness for a while,
and perhaps she'll first try them on cats and dogs,
then afterwards on bigger creatures; but there is
no danger in the imitation of death it produces,
it just knocks the subject out for a while, so they
then awake refreshed. She has been fooled
with these false things; and I am the more honest
for being false with her.

QUEEN.
No further service, Doctor,
Until I send for thee.

I don't need you any more, Doctor,
until I send for you.

CORNELIUS.
I humbly take my leave.

Exit

I humbly take my leave.

QUEEN.
Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think in time
She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work.
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then
As great as is thy master; greater, for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp. Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is. To shift his being
Is to exchange one misery with another,
And every day that comes comes comes to
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect
To be depender on a thing that leans,
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends
So much as but to prop him?
[The QUEEN drops the box. PISANIO takes it up]
Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour.
It is a thing I made, which hath the King
Five times redeem'd from death. I do not know
What is more cordial. Nay, I prithee take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on; but think
Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the King
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women.
Think on my words. Exit PISANIO
A sly and constant knave,
Not to be shak'd; the agent for his master,
And the remembrancer of her to hold
The hand-fast to her lord. I have given him that
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of leigers for her sweet; and which she after,

Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd
To taste of too.
Re-enter PISANIO and LADIES
So, so. Well done, well done.
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet. Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words.

Exeunt QUEEN and LADIES

She's still weeping, you say? Do you think that in time
she will stop, and listen to sense
where she's now possessed by stupidity? Work on her.
When you bring me word that she loves my son,
I tell you that at that moment you will then be
as great as your master: greater, as
he has lost all his fortunes, and is under
sentence of death. He cannot come back, nor
can he remain where he is: to change his location
was just exchanging one misery for another,
and it will get worse every day.
What expectations can you have,
leaning on such a fragile support?
He can't strengthen his position, and he has no friends
to help him. [The Queen drops the box. Pisiano picks it up.]
You don't know what
you're picking up: but take it to help your work:
it's something I have made, which has saved the King
from death five times. I don't know anything
that has such a good effect. No, please take it;
it's a token of the good things
I intend for you in future. Tell your mistress what
her position is: say it as if it comes from you;
think what a chance you have now; but remember
who you are working for, that is, my son,
who will reward your efforts. I'll make the King
give you any sort of promotion
that you wish: and then I myself,
who put you in this position, will certainly

give you rich rewards. Call my women:
think about what I've said. [Exit Pisanio]
A cunning and loyal rascal.
He can't be shaken: he's working for his master,
he's continually reminding her of his lord
and their marriage vows. I have given him something
which, if he takes it, will strip her
of ambassadors for her lover: and after that,
unless she changes her mind, I can promise
she'll taste it as well.

Re-enter Pisanio and ladies

Here you are: well done, well done:
take the violets, cowslips and the primroses
to my bedroom. Goodbye, Pisanio;
think about what I've said.

PISANIO.
And shall do.
But when to my good lord I prove untrue
I'll choke myself- there's all I'll do for you.
Exit

I shall do.
But if I ever become disloyal to my good lord
I'll hang myself–that's all I'll do for you.

SCENE VI. Britain. The palace

Enter IMOGEN alone

IMOGEN.
A father cruel and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady
That hath her husband banish'd. O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stol'n,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious. Blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fie!
Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO

A cruel father and a deceitful stepmother;
a foolish wooer of a married lady
whose husband has been banished. Oh, that husband!
The worst of all my sorrows! It is eating
away at me! I wish I'd been kidnapped,
like my two lucky brothers! The greater the desire
the more miserable it is when it's thwarted. They are blessed,
however low they are, who can enjoy their honest desires,
that brings comfort. Who's this?Damn it!

PISANIO.
Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome
Comes from my lord with letters.

Madam, a noble gentleman from Rome
has brought letters from my lord.

IACHIMO.
Change you, madam:
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your Highness dearly. [Presents a letter]

Take that frown off, madam:

good Leonatus is safe,
and sends your Highness his sweetest greetings.

IMOGEN.
Thanks, good sir.
You're kindly welcome.

Thank you, good sir.
You're very welcome.

IACHIMO.
[Aside] All of her that is out of door most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone th' Arabian bird, and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Everything that can be seen of her is wonderful!
If she has a mind to match,
she is as unique as the Phoenix, and I
have lost my bet. Now I must be bold!
Audacity must be my armour, from head to foot,
or I'll fight as I run like a Parthian;
or even just give up completely.

IMOGEN.
[Reads] 'He is one of the noblest note, to whose
kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him
accordingly, as you value your trust. LEONATUS.'
So far I read aloud;
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by th' rest and takes it thankfully.
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so
In all that I can do.

'He is a very noble man, to whom I am deeply

indebted for his kindness. Treat him
accordingly, as you value our vows. Leonatus.'

That's all I will read aloud;
but the deepest places of my heart
are warmed by the rest and are grateful for it.
You are as very welcome, sir, as much as I
have words to express it; you will find the same
in all my actions.

IACHIMO.
Thanks, fairest lady.
What, are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach, and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Thank you, sweetest lady.
What, are men mad? Has nature given them eyes
with which they can see the sky and the rich harvest
of sea and land, that can distinguish between
the stars above and the pebbles
thronging on the beach, and can't we tell
the difference between fair and foul
when we see such wonderful things?

IMOGEN.
What makes your admiration?

What causes you such wonder?

IACHIMO.
It cannot be i' th' eye, for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such she's, would chatter this way and
Contemn with mows the other; nor i' th' judgment,
For idiots in this case of favour would

Be wisely definite; nor i' th' appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence opposed,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allured to feed.

It can't be a problem with his eye, for apes and monkeys,
given one fair and one foul, would lean this way
and pull faces at the other; it can't be in his judgement,
for even idiots would be able to make their minds up
in this case; it can't be in his desires;
the desire for sluts would turn to loathing
when contrasted with such pretty excellence,
it wouldn't want to be satisfied.

IMOGEN.
What is the matter, trow?

Please, what is the matter?

IACHIMO.
The cloyed will-
That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub
Both fill'd and running- ravening first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage.

These perverted desires–
passions which never have enough, always
wanting more, they make no distinction between purity
and rubbish.

IMOGEN.
What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

What is it, dear sir,
that upsets you? Are you well?

IACHIMO.
Thanks, madam; well.- Beseech you, sir,

Desire my man's abode where I did leave him.
He's strange and peevish.

Thank you, madam, I am well. Please, sir,
ask my man to wait where I left him.
He is a foreigner and easily upset.

PISANIO.
I was going, sir,
To give him welcome.
Exit

I was just going, sir,
to welcome him.

IMOGEN.
Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you?

Is my lord still well? Please tell me, is he in good health?

IACHIMO. Well, madam.

He's well, madam.

IMOGEN.
Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.

Is he happy? I hope he is.

IACHIMO.
Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome. He is called
the Briton reveller.

He's very happy; there's no other foreigner there
so jolly and full of fun. They call him
the British partier.

IMOGEN.

When he was here
he did incline to sadness, and oft-times
Not knowing why.

When he was here
he was often depressed, often
without knowing why.

IACHIMO.
I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home. He furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton-
Your lord, I mean- laughs from's free lungs, cries 'O,
Can my sides hold, to think that man- who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be- will's free hours languish for
Assured bondage?'

I never saw him unhappy.
He has a Frenchman as his friend, an
eminent gentleman who, it seems, is very much in love
with a French girl at home. He burns
with great sighs; while the jolly Briton–
your lord, I mean–splits his sides laughing, cries
'oh, can my sides hold, to think that a man–who knows
through history, report, or his own evidence,
what women are like, who can't help being
that way–will waste his bachelor freedom
pining after the slavery of marriage?'

IMOGEN.
Will my lord say so?

Is that what my lord says?

IACHIMO.

Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by
And hear him mock the Frenchman. But heavens know
Some men are much to blame.

Yes, madam, crying with laughter.
It's good fun to stand by
and hear him mock the Frenchman. But heaven knows
some men are pretty bad.

IMOGEN.
Not he, I hope.

Not him, I hope.

IACHIMO.
Not he; but yet heaven's bounty towards him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you, which I account his, beyond all talents.
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Not him; but still he might be more grateful for what
Heaven has given him. He has been given much in himself;
being given you, whom I count as his, is beyond price.
Whilst I am amazed, I have to pity as well.

IMOGEN.
What do you pity, sir?

What do you pity, sir?

IACHIMO.
Two creatures heartily.

Two creatures, sincerely.

IMOGEN.
Am I one, sir?

You look on me: what wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity?

Am I one of them, sir?
You look at me; what misfortune do you see in me
that deserves your pity?

IACHIMO.
Lamentable! What,
To hide me from the radiant sun and solace
I' th' dungeon by a snuff?

Terrible! What,
do I have to hide from the warm sun and console
myself in a dungeon with a stub of candle?

IMOGEN.
I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Please, sir,
answer my questions more clearly.
Why do you pity me?

IACHIMO.
That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your- But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

That's what others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your- but
it is the job of the gods to punish it,
not for me to speak of it.

IMOGEN.
You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you-

Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born- discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

You seem to know
something about me, or my business; please-
since fearing things are wrong is often worse
than being certain that they are; for things that are certain
are either beyond cure, or if discovered in time
they can then be remedied - tell me
what you're wavering over.

IACHIMO.
Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To th' oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; should I, damn'd then,
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood- falsehood as
With labour; then by-peeping in an eye
Base and illustrious as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow- it were fit
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

If I had this cheek
to place my lips on; this hand, whose touch,
whose every touch, would force the one who felt it
to swear to be loyal; this thing, which
captures my roving eye,
fixing it there; if I then, damned,
kissed tarts who were as open to all as
the steps of the Capitol; held hands with hands
made as hard by their lying as by their

labour; then giving sidelong looks with an eye
as low and lacklustre as a smoky light
fed by stinking candles - then I'd deserve
to be punished by suffering all
the plagues of hell at once.

IMOGEN.
My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

I fear my lord has forgotten about Britain.

IACHIMO.
And himself. Not I
Inclin'd to this intelligence pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That from my mutest conscience to my tongue
Charms this report out.

And forgotten himself. I'm not
inclined to tell tales about his
disgraceful behaviour, but your beauty
has charmed my tongue into telling
when my conscience would have stayed silent.

IMOGEN.
Let me hear no more.

I don't want to hear any more.

IACHIMO.
O dearest soul, your cause doth strike my heart
With pity that doth make me sick! A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
Would make the great'st king double, to be partner'd
With tomboys hir'd with that self exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff

As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Oh dearest soul, your situation is breakingmy heart,
I am sick with pity!That such a wonderful lady,
who, if she was queen of an empire,
would make the greatest king twice as great, is compared
with harlots paid for from the allowance
which your wealth provides!Diseased gamblers,
that take a chance on all the rotting sexual diseases
nature provides in exchange for gold!This sweaty
scum which could poison poison!Take revenge,
or your mother was no queen, and you
won't live up to your great ancestry.

IMOGEN.
Reveng'd?
How should I be reveng'd? If this be true-
As I have such a heart that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse- if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd?

Take revenge?
What revenge should I have?If this is true-
I mustn't rush to break my heart with what
my ears have heard - if it is true,
how should I get revenge?

IACHIMO.
Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse -Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure.

Should I have to live
like a celibate priest between cold sheets,
while he goes leaping on loose women,
in spite of you, at your expense - take revenge.
I offer myself for your sweet pleasure,
I'm more noble than that runaway from your bed,
and I'll be loyal to your love,
steadfast and true.

IMOGEN.
What ho, Pisanio!

Hello, Pisanio!

IACHIMO.
Let me my service tender on your lips.

Let me kiss you.

IMOGEN. Away! I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour; and
Solicits here a lady that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.- What ho, Pisanio!-
The King my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault. If he shall think it fit
A saucy stranger in his court to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter who
He not respects at all.- What ho, Pisanio!

Get out!I hate my ears for having
listened to you for so long.If you were honourable,
you would have told this tale out of virtue,
not to try and get what you're after, so low, so horrid.

You are slandering a gentleman who is as far away
from your description as you are from honour; and
you're trying to seduce a lady who hates
you and the devil equally.Hello there, Pisanio!
My father the King shall be informed
of your assault.If he thinks it's acceptable
to welcome a randy stranger to his court
who behaves as if he was in a Roman slum,
showing his filthy mind to us, then he doesn't
care about his court or respect his daughter.
Hello there, Pisanio!

IACHIMO.
O happy Leonatus! I may say
The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit. Blessed live you long,
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your lord
That which he is new o'er; and he is one
The truest manner'd, such a holy witch
That he enchants societies into him,
Half all men's hearts are his.

Oh lucky Leonatus!I may say
that the lady deserves the faith
you have in her, and your great integrity
makes you deserve her.May you have a long and blessed life,
as wife of the worthiest man your country
ever produced!With you as his mistress, only
suitable for the very best!Forgive me.
I spoke like this to discover if your love
was deeply rooted and was worthy
of your lord; and he is one of the
most noble, such a holy enchanter
that he draws all sorts towards him,

and all men give half their hearts to him.

IMOGEN.
You make amends.

You are making up for what you said.

IACHIMO.
He sits 'mongst men like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honour sets him of
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty Princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report, which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know cannot err. The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray your pardon.

He sits amongst men like a god come down from heaven;
he has a kind of honour which makes him seem
more than mortal.Don't be angry,
great Princess, that I tried
to test you by giving you a false report, which has
shown how good you are and how right
you were to choose such a unique gentleman,
whom you know cannot stray.The love I have for him
made me test you like this; but the gods made you
unique and faultless.Please forgive me.

IMOGEN.
All's well, sir; take my pow'r i' th' court for yours.

All's well, sir;you are welcome to the court.

IACHIMO.
My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
T' entreat your Grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns

Your lord; myself and other noble friends
Are partners in the business.

My humble thanks.I'd almost forgotten
to ask your Grace about a small request,
but an important one too, for it concerns
your lord; other noble friends and I
are also involved.

IMOGEN.
Pray what is't?

Tell me what it is.

IACHIMO.
Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord-
The best feather of our wing- have mingled sums
To buy a present for the Emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France. 'Tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form, their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage. May it please you
To take them in protection?

Some dozen of us Romans, and your lord,
the best one amongst us - have clubbed together
to buy a present for the Emperor;
As a representative for the rest I've had it made
in France.It's plate of unique design, with
expensive and exquisite jewels;
I'm rather concerned, being a foreigner,
to have them safely stored.Would you mind
taking care of them?

IMOGEN.
Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety. Since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them

In my bedchamber.

Gladly;
and I'll pledge my honour that they'll be safe.
Since my lord is involved with them, I'll keep them
in my bedroom.

IACHIMO.
They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men. I will make bold
To send them to you only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

They are in a trunk,
guarded by my men.I will be so bold
as to ask you to keep them just for tonight;
I must take my ship tomorrow.

IMOGEN.
O, no, no.

Oh no, no.

IACHIMO.
Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word
By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise
To see your Grace.

Yes, I beg you; otherwise I'll break my word
by coming back late.I crossed the seas
from France solely to keep the promise
that I would see your Grace.

IMOGEN.
I thank you for your pains.
But not away to-morrow!

I thank you for your trouble.

But don't go tomorrow!

IACHIMO.
O, I must, madam.
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night.
I have outstood my time, which is material
'To th' tender of our present.

Oh, madam, I must.
So I must ask you, if you want
to write to your lord, do it tonight.
I have outstayed my time, and that has an effect
on the delivery of our present.

IMOGEN.
I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept
And truly yielded you. You're very welcome.

Exeunt

I will write.
Send me your trunk; it will be kept safe
and returned intact.You're very welcome.

Act II

SCENE I. Britain. Before CYMBELINE'S palace

Enter CLOTEN and the two LORDS

CLOTEN.
Was there ever man had such luck! When I kiss'd the
jack,
upon an up-cast to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on't;
and
then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing, as
if I
borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my
pleasure.

Was anyone ever so unlucky!I kissed the jack with my bowl,
then a lucky shot knocked it away!I had a hundred pounds on it,
and then some son of a bitch monkey told me off for swearing,
as if my swearwords were borrowed from him, and I couldn't spend them as I liked.

FIRST LORD.
What got he by that? You have broke his pate with
your
bowl.

That didn't do him much good, your broke his head with your bowl.

SECOND LORD.
[Aside] If his wit had been like him that broke
it, it
would have run all out.

And if his brains were as soft as the one who broke it
they would have all run out.

CLOTEN.
When a gentleman is dispos'd to swear, it is not for
any
standers-by to curtail his oaths. Ha?

When a gentleman wants to swear, it's not the business of any bystanders to stop him, eh?

SECOND LORD.
No, my lord; [Aside] nor crop the ears of them.

No my lord.[Aside] nor to stop them looking like asses.

CLOTEN.
Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction? Would he had been
one of my rank!

Son of a bitch!Should I take up his challenge?I wish he'd been one of my own class!

SECOND LORD.
[Aside] To have smell'd like a fool.

Then he'd stink.

CLOTEN.
I am not vex'd more at anything in th' earth. A pox on't! I
had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me,
because of the Queen my mother. Every jackslave hath his bellyful
of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody
can match.

It's the most annoying thing ever.Curse it! I'd rather not be so noble; they dare not fight with me, because the Queen is my mother.Every common man gets as much fighting as he wants, while I have to parade about like a cock nobody has a fit opponent for.

SECOND LORD.

[Aside] You are cock and capon too; and you crow,
cock, with your comb on.

You're a cock and an idiot, crowing, "I'm a cock!"

CLOTEN.
Sayest thou?

What are you saying?

SECOND LORD.
It is not fit your lordship should undertake every
companion that you give offence to.

That your lord shouldn't have to fight
every man you offend.

CLOTEN.
No, I know that; but it is fit I should commit offence
to
my inferiors.

No, I know that; but it is right that I should
offend my inferiors.

SECOND LORD.
Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Yes, just for your lordship.

CLOTEN.
Why, so I say.

Well, that's what I'm saying.

FIRST LORD.
Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court
to-night?

Did you hear about a stranger who came to the court tonight?

CLOTEN.
A stranger, and I not known on't?

A stranger, and I wasn't told about it?

SECOND LORD.
[Aside] He's a strange fellow himself, and knows
it
not.

He's a strange fellow himself, and doesn't know it.

FIRST LORD.
There's an Italian come, and, 'tis thought, one of
Leonatus' friends.

There's an Italian come, who's thought to be
a friend of Leonatus.

CLOTEN.
Leonatus? A banish'd rascal; and he's another,
whatsoever
he be. Who told you of this stranger?

Leonatus?An exiled rascal, and he's another one,
whoever he is.Who told you about this stranger?

FIRST LORD.
One of your lordship's pages.

One of your lordship's pages.

CLOTEN.
Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no
derogation
in't?

Would it be right for me to go and see him?
I wouldn't be lowering myself?

SECOND LORD.
You cannot derogate, my lord.

You can't go any lower, my lord.

CLOTEN.
Not easily, I think.

Not easily, I think.

SECOND LORD.
[Aside] You are a fool granted; therefore your
issues,
being foolish, do not derogate.

We all know you're a fool, so your foolish business
can't debase you.

CLOTEN.
Come, I'll go see this Italian. What I have lost to-day
at
bowls I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

Come, I'll have a look at this Italian.What I lost today
at bowling I'll win off him tonight.Come, let's go.

SECOND LORD.
I'll attend your lordship.

Exeunt CLOTEN and FIRST LORD

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! A woman that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,

Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st,
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,
A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour, keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind, that thou mayst stand
T' enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land!
Exit

I'll follow your lordship.

How did such a crafty devil as his mother
produce such an idiot!She's a woman
who can outthink anybody, and here's her son
who can't subtract two from twenty and leave
eighteen to save his life.Alas, poor princess,
divine Imogen, what you've had to endure,
between a father ruled by your stepmother,
a mother who's always making up new plots,
a suitor who's even more horrible than
the exile of your husband, more horrible
than the divorce he wants you to have!May the heavens
help you keep your honour intact, don't disturb
your temple, that lovely mind, so you can survive
to enjoy your banished lord and this great country!

SCENE II. Britain. IMOGEN'S bedchamber in CYMBELINE'S palace; a trunk in one corner

Enter IMOGEN in her bed, and a LADY attending

IMOGEN.
Who's there? My woman? Helen?

Who's there?My woman?Helen?

LADY.
Please you, madam.

If you please, madam.

IMOGEN.
What hour is it?

What's the time?

LADY.
Almost midnight, madam.

Almost midnight, madam.

IMOGEN.
I have read three hours then. Mine eyes are weak;
Fold down the leaf where I have left. To bed.
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' th' clock,
I prithee call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly. Exit LADY
To your protection I commend me, gods.
From fairies and the tempters of the night
Guard me, beseech ye!
[Sleeps. IACHIMO comes from the trunk]

I've been reading for three hours then.My eyes are tired;
fold down the page I got to.I'm for bed.
Don't take away the candle, leave it burning;
if you can wake up at four o'clock,

please wake me.Sleep has overcome me.
I give myself to your protection, gods.
I beg that you guard me against
fairies and demons!

IACHIMO.
The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily,
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss! Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't! 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus. The flame o' th' taper
Bows toward her and would under-peep her lids
To see th' enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows white and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct. But my design
To note the chamber. I will write all down:
Such and such pictures; there the window; such
Th' adornment of her bed; the arras, figures-
Why, such and such; and the contents o' th' story.
Ah, but some natural notes about her body
Above ten thousand meaner movables
Would testify, t' enrich mine inventory.
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying! Come off, come off;
[Taking off her bracelet]
As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To th' madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' th' bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher
Stronger than ever law could make; this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more. To what end?

Why should I write this down that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down
Where Philomel gave up. I have enough.
To th' trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. [Clock strikes]
One, two, three. Time, time!
Exit into the trunk

The crickets are singing, and men's overworked minds
repair themselves with rest. This is how our Tarquin
crept across the floor before he woke
the chastity he wounded. Venus,
how well you suit your bed! A fresh lily,
whiter than the sheets! If only I could touch you!
Just a kiss; one kiss! Matchless rubies,
how sweetly they do it! It's her breath that
makes the room smells so sweet. The flame of the candle
bows towards her and wants to peep under her eyelids
to see the hidden lights, now covered by these
windows, white and azure, laced with
the blue of heaven. But to my plan.
I must describe the chamber: or write it all down:
these are the pictures: there is the window, this
is how her bed is made; the tapestry, statues,
this, this and this; and the contents of the room.
Ah, but some description of her distinguishing marks
would be proof which enriched my list more than
ten thousand bits of furniture.
O sleep, you imitator of death, lie heavy upon her,
let her be only as conscious as an effigy,
lying in a chapel. Come off, come off;
[taking off her bracelet]
that was as easy as the Gordian knot was hard.
It's mine, and this will give outward proof
which will be the match of the inward proof
which will enrage her lord. On her left breast

there's a five spotted mole: it's like the red spots
at the bottom of a cowslip. His proof,
stronger than the law could ever ask for; this secret
will force him to think that I have picked the lock and taken
the treasure of her honour. That's enough, why would you need more?
Why should I write this down, now it's riveted,
screwed to my memory? She has been recently reading
the tale of Tereus, the page is turned down
where Philomel gave in. I have enough:
back to the trunk, and I'll shut the lid.
Hurry, you dragons of the night, bring
the sunrise to the raven's eye! I hide in fear;
though she is a heavenly angel, I am surrounded by hell. [clock strikes]
one, two, three: it's time, time!

SCENE III. CYMBELINE'S palace. An ante-chamber adjoining IMOGEN'S apartments

Enter CLOTEN and LORDS

FIRST LORD.
Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most
coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Your lordship is the calmest man ever to face a loss,
the coolest to ever roll a one.

CLOTEN.
It would make any man cold to lose.

Any man would be cold when he loses.

FIRST LORD.
But not every man patient after the noble temper of
your lordship. You are most hot and furious when you win.

But not every man would be able to follow the noble example
of your lordship.You are very hot and raging when you win.

CLOTEN.
Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this
foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It's almost morning,
is't not?

Anyone can be brave when he wins.If I could get this
foolish Imogen, I will have enough money.It's almost morning, isn't it?

FIRST LORD.
Day, my lord.

It's day, my lord.

CLOTEN.
I would this music would come. I am advised to give her
music a mornings; they say it will penetrate.
Enter musicians
Come on, tune. If you can penetrate her with your fingering,
so.
We'll try with tongue too. If none will do, let her remain;
but
I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited
thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich
words to
it- and then let her consider.

I wish those musicians would come.I have been told to give her music in the mornings; they say that will get through to her.

Come on, tune up.If you can get through to her with your music we'll try singing too.If nothing works she can stay there, but I'll never give in.First we'll have a beautifully written piece, then a lovely sweet song, with splendid rich words to it - and then let her think about it.

SONG
Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flow'rs that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes.
With everything that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise!
So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your
music
the better; if it do not, it is a vice in her ears which
horsehairs and calves' guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch
to
boot, can never amend.

Exeunt musicians

Listen, listen! The lark is singing at heaven's gate,
and the sun begins to rise,
to water his horses at the pools
that stand in the cups of the flowers;
and winking marigolds begin
to open their golden eyes.
My sweet lady, arise
with everything else that's beautiful,
arise, arise!

So, off you go. If this gets through to her, I will think more of your music;
if it doesn't, there's a fault in her ears that your strings and bows, nor the voice of the treble, can't cure.

Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN

SECOND LORD.
Here comes the King.

Here comes the king.

CLOTEN.
I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason I was
up
so early. He cannot choose but take this service I have done
fatherly.- Good morrow to your Majesty and to my gracious
mother.

I am glad I was up so late, because that meant I was up early.
He can't help but think well of me for this.
Good day to your majesty and to my gracious mother.

CYMBELINE.
Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?
Will she not forth?

Are you waiting at the door of my obstinate daughter?
Will she not come out?

CLOTEN.
I have assail'd her with musics, but she vouchsafes no notice.

I have tried her with music, but she takes no notice.

CYMBELINE.
The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him; some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Her favourite's exile is too recent;
she hasn't yet forgotten him; some more time
is needed to erase his memory,
and then she'll be yours.

QUEEN.
You are most bound to th' King,
Who lets go by no vantages that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly soliciting, and be friended
With aptness of the season; make denials
Increase your services; so seem as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

You should be very grateful to the King,
who misses no opportunity of advancing
your cause with his daughter. Prepare yourself
to be patient and polite,
let time take its course; make rejection
make you work harder; look as if
love is inspiring you to do things for her;
show her that you obey her in all things,
except when her orders involve rejecting you,

and you just should ignore them.

CLOTEN.
Senseless? Not so.

Enter a MESSENGER

Ignorant? I'm not.

MESSENGER.
So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

If you please, sir, here are some ambassadors from Rome;
one of them is Caius Lucius.

CYMBELINE.
A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his. We must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
We must extend our notice. Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the Queen and us; we shall have need
T' employ you towards this Roman. Come, our queen.
Exeunt all but CLOTEN

A good fellow,
even if he's come now on an angry errand;
but that's not his fault. We must welcome him
in a way which fits the honour of the one who sent him;
and we must treat him well for his own sake in recognition
of the kindnesses he has done us in the past. My dear son,
when you have said good morning to your mistress,
wait on the Queen and me; we shall be needing you
in our dealings with this Roman. Come, my queen.

CLOTEN.

If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still and dream. By your leave, ho! [Knocks]
I know her women are about her; what
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth-yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to th' stand o' th' stealer; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man. What
Can it not do and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me, for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave. [Knocks]
Enter a LADY

If she's up, I'll speak with her; if not
let her lie still and dream. Excuse me, hello!
I know she has her women with her; what
if I bribed one of them? It's gold
which buys entrance; it often does–yes and makes
Diana's gamekeepers false, so that they give up
their deer to the poacher; and its gold
which gets the honest man killed and saves the thief;
sometimes it gets them both hanged. What
is there it can't do or undo? I will make
one of her women my employee, for
I don't really understand the job myself.
Excuse me!

LADY.
Who's there that knocks?

Who's that knocking?

CLOTEN.
A gentleman.

A gentleman.

LADY.
No more?

Is that all?

CLOTEN.
Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

A gentlewoman's son as well.

LADY.
That's more
Than some whose tailors are as dear as yours
Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?

That's more
than some can say, even if they wear clothes which are
as expensive as yours. What can I do for your lordship?

CLOTEN.
Your lady's person; is she ready?

Is your lady up and dressed?

LADY.
Ay,
To keep her chamber.

Yes,
dressed for staying in her room.

CLOTEN.
There is gold for you; sell me your good report.

I have gold for you; sell me your good report.

LADY.
How? My good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good? The Princess!

Enter IMOGEN

What's that? Sell the good report people give me,
or give you a good report? Here's the Princess!

CLOTEN.
Good morrow, fairest sister. Your sweet hand.
Exit LADY

Good morning, fairest sister. Give me your sweet hand.

IMOGEN.
Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble. The thanks I give
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Good morning, sir. You are taking too much trouble
to only get trouble. All the thanks I can give
is to tell you that I don't have much thanks to give,
I can hardly spare any.

CLOTEN.
Still I swear I love you.

Still, I swear I love you.

IMOGEN.
If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me.
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

If you just said so, instead of swearing, it would all be the same to me.
If you carry on swearing, your reward will still be
that I pay no attention.

CLOTEN.
This is no answer.

This is not an answer.

IMOGEN.
But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you spare me. Faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness; one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

I wouldn't say anything, if it wasn't for the fact that you would take my silence as agreement. Please leave me alone. I promise that I will be just as impolite to anything you do; someone of your great knowledge should see what's going on and learn to back off.

CLOTEN.
To leave you in your madness 'twere my sin;
I will not.

It would be a sin for me to leave you in this foolishness; I will not.

IMOGEN.
Fools are not mad folks.

Fools are not mad men.

CLOTEN.
Do you call me fool?

Are you calling me a fool?

IMOGEN.
As I am mad, I do;
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners
By being so verbal; and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,

By th' very truth of it, I care not for you,
And am so near the lack of charity
To accuse myself I hate you; which I had rather
You felt than make't my boast.

I do, because I'm mad;
if you wait a bit, I won't be mad any more;
then we'll both be cured. I'm very sorry, sir,
that you've made me forget the manners of a lady
through being so talkative; now, learn once and for all
what I'm going to say, I who knows what's in my heart:
the absolute truth is that I do not care for you
and in fact I could almost say
that I hate you; I'd rather
you had noticed it, so I wouldn't have to say it.

CLOTEN.
You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' th' court- it is no contract, none.
And though it be allowed in meaner parties-
Yet who than he more mean?- to knit their souls-
On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary- in self-figur'd knot,
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' th' crown, and must not foil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler- not so eminent!

You are sinning against
obedience, which you owe to your father.
The marriage you claim you have with that low wretch–
a person brought up on charity and fed with cold dishes,
the scraps of the court–that is no marriage.
Although lower class people are allowed–
but who could be lower than him?–To join their souls–

the only people who depend on them
are brats and beggars–and make their own choices,
you do not have that freedom of choice
because of your royal status, which you must not
soil with a low-down slave,
a worthless fellow who should wear a servant's uniform,
be a butler or a squire's valet–not even that!

IMOGEN.
Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom. Thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues to be styl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Vulgar fellow!
If you were the son of Jupiter, with none
of your bad qualities, you would be too low
to be his groom. You would be high enough,
even so people would be jealous of you,
if the gap between you was such that if he
was the King then you would be
the deputy hangman of his kingdom, and people
wouldhate you, thinking you were overpromoted.

CLOTEN.
The south fog rot him!

May the southern fog rot him!

IMOGEN.
He never can meet more mischance than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His mean'st garment
That ever hath but clipp'd his body is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men. How now, Pisanio!

Enter PISANIO

Nothing that can happen to him could be worse
than to be spoken of by you. His shabbiest garment,
that has ever just touched his body is dearer
to me than a million men like you.
Hello there, Pisanio!

CLOTEN.
'His garments'! Now the devil-

'His garment'! Now the devil–

IMOGEN.
To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently.

Go at once to my woman Dorothy.

CLOTEN.
'His garment'!

'His garment'!

IMOGEN.
I am sprited with a fool;
Frighted, and ang'red worse. Go bid my woman
Search for a jewel that too casually
Hath left mine arm. It was thy master's; shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe! I do think
I saw't this morning; confident I am
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it.
I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

I am bothered by a fool;
he's making me angry, but more importantly I'm worried. Go and ask my woman
to search for a jewel that has fallen
too easily from my arm. It was your master's; by heaven,

I wouldn't exchange it for the income
of any king in Europe! I'm sure
I saw it this morning; I'm positive
it was on my arm last night; I kissed it.
I hope it hasn't gone to tell my lord
that I kiss anybody but him.

PISANIO.
'Twill not be lost.

It won't be lost.

IMOGEN.
I hope so. Go and search.

Exit PISANIO

I hope not. Go and look.

CLOTEN.
You have abus'd me.
'His meanest garment'!

You have abused me.
'His lowest garment'!

IMOGEN.
Ay, I said so, sir.
If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.

Yes, that's what I said, sir.
If you want to bring a lawsuit, call your witnesses.

CLOTEN.
I will inform your father.

I shall tell your father.

IMOGEN.

Your mother too.
She's my good lady and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To th' worst of discontent.
Exit

Tell your mother too.
She's a great friend of mine and will believe, I think,
the very worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
to suffer the worst of discontent.

CLOTEN.
I'll be reveng'd.
'His mean'st garment'! Well.
Exit

I'll have my revenge.
'His lowest garment'! Right then.

SCENE IV. Rome. PHILARIO'S house

Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO

POSTHUMUS.
Fear it not, sir; I would I were so sure
To win the King as I am bold her honour
Will remain hers.

Don't worry about it, sir; I wish I could be as certain
that I could win the King over as I am that she will
remain true to me.

PHILARIO.
What means do you make to him?

What are you going to do to try and win him over?

POSTHUMUS.
Not any; but abide the change of time,
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come. In these fear'd hopes
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Nothing, I'm just going to let time do its work,
shiver my way through the winter, and hope
that warmer days will come. With these dashed hopes
I'm hardly repaying your kindness; if they continue to be dashed
I will have to die in your debt.

PHILARIO.
Your very goodness and your company
O'erpays all I can do. By this your king
Hath heard of great Augustus. Caius Lucius
Will do's commission throughly; and I think
He'll grant the tribute, send th' arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Your goodness and your company
are more than enough payment. By now your king
will have heard from great Augustus. Caius Lucius
will carry out his commission thoroughly; and I think
he'll pay the tax, send the arrears,
rather than face war with our Romans, they can still
remember how painful that was for them.

POSTHUMUS.
I do believe
Statist though I am none, nor like to be,
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions now in Gallia sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd than when Julius Caesar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,
Now mingled with their courages, will make known
To their approvers they are people such
That mend upon the world.
Enter IACHIMO

Although I'm not a politician, nor am I likely to be,
I do believe that this will start a war; and that it's more likely
that you will hear that the legions now in France
have landed in our fearless Britain than to hear
that any penny of tax has been paid. Our countrymen
are more organised now than when Julius Caesar
smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage
was enough to disturb him. Now that their courage
is mingled with discipline, they will show
anyone who puts them to the test that they
are now the greatest people in the world.

PHILARIO.
See! Iachimo!

Look there! Iachimo!

POSTHUMUS.
The swiftest harts have posted you by land,
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

You must have ridden here on the swiftest deer,
and the winds of all quarters must have filled your sails
to make your ship speed.

PHILARIO.
Welcome, sir.

Welcome, sir.

POSTHUMUS.
I hope the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

I hope the short time you've been away
shows you got a short answer.

IACHIMO.
Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Your lady
is one of the most beautiful I've ever seen.

POSTHUMUS.
And therewithal the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Along with that she is one of the best; otherwise let her beauty
sit in a window to attract false hearts,
and she can be false with them.

IACHIMO.
Here are letters for you.

Here are letters for you.

POSTHUMUS.
Their tenour good, I trust.

Containing good news, I trust.

IACHIMO.
'Tis very like.

Very likely.

PHILARIO.
Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court
When you were there?

Was Caius Lucius at the British court
when you were there?

IACHIMO.
He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

He was expected,
but he hadn't arrived.

POSTHUMUS.
All is well yet.
Sparkles this stone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

All is still well.
Is this stone still as sparkling as it used to be,
it hasn't become too dull for you to wear?

IACHIMO.

If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far t' enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

If I had lost it,
I would have lost the price of it in gold.
I'd travel twice as far to enjoy
another night of passion like the one
I had in Britain; I have won the bet.

POSTHUMUS.
The stone's too hard to come by.

You found it too hard to win the stone.

IACHIMO.
Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

No, it was easy,
because your lady was.

POSTHUMUS.
Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport. I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Don't make a joke
out of your loss sir. I hope that you know that we
can't remain friends.

IACHIMO.
Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question farther; but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,

Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Good sir, we must,
if you keep your bargain. If I hadn't
managed to seduce your mistress, I agree
that we said we would fight; but I now
declare that I have won her
and so your ring as well; I haven't done
any wrong to her or to you, having only done
what both of you told me to.

POSTHUMUS.
If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours. If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour gains or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

If you can prove
that you have had her in bed, I'll shake hands
and give you my ring. If not, the foul opinion
you had of her pure honour means either
your sword or mine will bea winner, or we'll both be dead
and leaveour swords for whoever finds them.

IACHIMO.
Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe- whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which I doubt not
You'll give me leave to spare when you shall find
You need it not.

Sir, my evidence,
which you shall see is very compelling,
will be the first thing which makes you believe–I shall

back it up by swearing it's the truth; I've no doubt
you won't make me take that oath, you'll find
it's not necessary.

POSTHUMUS.
Proceed.

Go on.

IACHIMO.
First, her bedchamber,
Where I confess I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth watching-it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story,
Proud Cleopatra when she met her Roman
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats or pride. A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value; which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was-

Firstly, her bedroom,
where I must admit I didn't sleep, but I can say
that I had something well worth staying awake for–it was hung
with a tapestry of silk and silver, showing the story
of proud Cleopatra when she met her Roman
and the river rose above its banks, either from
the pressure of boats or from pride. It was a piece of work
so well done, so rich, that you couldn't tell what was greater,
its workmanship or its value; I was amazed
that anything could be so beautifully and perfectly made,
since the scene on it was–

POSTHUMUS.
This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me
Or by some other.

This is true;
and you could have heard of it here, from me,
or from somebody else.

IACHIMO.
More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

I must give more evidence
to prove my assertions.

POSTHUMUS.
So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

You must,
or it'll be the worse for you.

IACHIMO.
The chimney
Is south the chamber, and the chimneypiece
Chaste Dian bathing. Never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves. The cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

The chimney
is to the south of the room, and the chimneypiece
is chaste Diana bathing. I never saw statues
that seemed so likely to speak. The sculptor
was like another nature, though silent; he outstripped her,
if you don't count movement and breathing.

POSTHUMUS.
This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

This is something

which you might also have been told,
seeing as it's much spoken of.

IACHIMO.
The roof o' th' chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted; her andirons-
I had forgot them- were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

The roof of the room
is covered with golden cherubim; her fire irons–
I had forgotten them–were two winking silver cupids,
each one standing on one foot,
leaning on their torches.

POSTHUMUS.
This is her honour!
Let it be granted you have seen all this, and praise
Be given to your remembrance; the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Oh well, that proves it!
Let it be granted that you've seen all this, and
we must compliment you on your memory; the description
of what is in her bedroom in no way wins
the bet for you.

IACHIMO.
Then, if you can, [Shows the bracelet]
Be pale. I beg but leave to air this jewel. See!
And now 'tis up again. It must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Alright, if you remain indifferent,
I'll ask your permission to show you this jewel. See!
There is your proof. It should be joined
with your diamond; I'll keep them.

POSTHUMUS.
Jove!
Once more let me behold it. Is it that
Which I left with her?

By Jove!
Let me see it again. Is that the thing
that I left with her?

IACHIMO.
Sir- I thank her- that.
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too. She gave it me, and said
She prized it once.

Sir–I thank her for it–it is.
She took this off her arm; I can see her now;
her graceful movements were better than her gift,
but also made it richer. She gave it to me, and said
she once treasured it.

POSTHUMUS.
May be she pluck'd it off
To send it me.

Maybe she took it off
to send it to me.

IACHIMO.
She writes so to you, doth she?

That's what she writes to you, is it?

POSTHUMUS.
O, no, no, no! 'tis true. Here, take this too;
[Gives the ring]
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,

Kills me to look on't. Let there be no honour
Where there is beauty; truth where semblance; love
Where there's another man. The vows of women
Of no more bondage be to where they are made
Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing.
O, above measure false!

Oh no, no, no! It's true. Here take this too;
[gives the ring]
it's like a basilisk to my eyes,
it kills me to look at it. Let there be no honour
where there is beauty; no truth where there is appearance;
no love where there's another man. The vows of women
are no more binding to them
then they are bound to their virtues: which is not at all.
Oh, false beyond measure!

PHILARIO.
Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won.
It may be probable she lost it, or
Who knows if one her women, being corrupted
Hath stol'n it from her?

Calm yourself, Sir,
and take the ring back; it hasn't been won yet.
Maybe she lost it, or
who knows if one of her women, bribed,
stole it from her?

POSTHUMUS.
Very true;
And so I hope he came by't. Back my ring.
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stol'n.

Very true;
I hope that's how he came by it. Give me back my ring.
Tell me some physical evidence about her,

stronger than this; this was stolen.

IACHIMO.
By Jupiter, I had it from her arm!

By Jupiter, I had it off her arm!

POSTHUMUS.
Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true- nay, keep the ring, 'tis true. I am sure
She would not lose it. Her attendants are
All sworn and honourable- they induced to steal it!
And by a stranger! No, he hath enjoy'd her.
The cognisance of her incontinence
Is this: she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Listen, he swears; he swears by Jupiter.
It's true–no, keep the ring, it's true. I'm sure
she would not lose it. Her attendants are
all sworn to loyalty and honourable- they were bribed to steal it!
And by a stranger! No, he has had her.
this is proof of her infidelity:
she has paid dearly to get herself the name of whore.
There, take your winnings; and may the devils of hell
divide themselves between you and her!

PHILARIO.
Sir, be patient;
This is not strong enough to be believed
Of one persuaded well of.

Sir, be patient;
this is not strong enough evidence
against someone who you thought so well of.

POSTHUMUS.
Never talk on't;

She hath been colted by him.

Don't talk about it;
she has been knocked up by him.

IACHIMO.
If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast-
Worthy the pressing- lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging. By my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

If you would like
further proof, under her breast–
well worth squeezing–there is a mole, very happy
in its delightful situation. I swear,
I kissed it; and it gave me the desire
to feed again, although I had had my fill. Do you remember
this mark on her?

POSTHUMUS.
Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Yes, and it proves the existence
of another black mark, that would fill the whole of hell,
even if it was the only thing there.

IACHIMO.
Will you hear more?

Do you want to hear more?

POSTHUMUS.
Spare your arithmetic; never count the turns.
Once, and a million!

Don't bother adding it up; don't count the turns.
Once is as bad as a million.

IACHIMO.
I'll be sworn-

I shall swear–

POSTHUMUS.
No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;
And I will kill thee if thou dost deny
Thou'st made me cuckold.

Don't swear.
If you're going to say you haven't done it, you're lying;
and I will kill you if you deny
that you have cheated with my wife.

IACHIMO.
I'll deny nothing.

I won't deny anything.

POSTHUMUS.
O that I had her here to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there and do't, i' th' court, before
Her father. I'll do something-
Exit

I wish I had here to tear her limb from limb!
I will go there and do it, in the court, in front of
her father. I'll do something–

PHILARIO.
Quite besides
The government of patience! You have won.
Let's follow him and pervert the present wrath

He hath against himself.

Well beyond
the reach of calm! You have won.
Let's follow him and make sure he doesn't
do himself any harm in his anger.

IACHIMO.
With all my heart.
Exeunt

Certainly.

SCENE V. Rome. Another room in PHILARIO'S house

Enter POSTHUMUS

POSTHUMUS.
Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards,
And that most venerable man which I
Did call my father was I know not where
When I was stamp'd. Some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time. So doth my wife
The nonpareil of this. O, vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow. O, all the devils!
This yellow Iachimo in an hour- was't not?
Or less!- at first? Perchance he spoke not, but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cried 'O!' and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man but I affirm
It is the woman's part. Be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longing, slanders, mutability,
All faults that man may name, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part or all; but rather all;
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice but of a minute old for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them. Yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate to pray they have their will:

The very devils cannot plague them better.
Exit

Is there no way for men to be created, without women
doing half the job? We're all bastards,
and that great man who I called my father
was somewhere else when I was conceived. Some forger
uses tools to make me a fake; even though my mother seemed
as chaste as Diana at the time. My wife
is the worst example of this. Oh, revenge, revenge!
She didn't let me have my marital rights,
and often begged me to be patient; she did it with
such rosy modesty, the sweet view of it
might have warmed old Saturn; so I thought she
was as pure as an melted snow. Oh, all the devils!
This sallow faced Iachimo in one hour–wasn't it?
Or less!–Got what he wanted. Perhaps he said nothing, but,
like a well fed boar, a German one,
shouted 'oh!' and jumped on; he found no opposition
where he should have done and where she
should have kept intruders out. I wish I could discover
my female half! For there is nothing in men
which causes vice which doesn't come from
the mother. If it's lying, you can see,
that comes from women; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
lust and filthy thoughts, hers, hers; revenge, hers;
ambition, coveting, mood swings, contempt,
greedy desires, slander, changeability,
all the faults that man can name, no, that hell knows,
why, they're hers, partly or completely; actually completely;
even in vice
they are not constant, but are always changing
one vice, just a minute old, for one
not half as old as that. I'll write against them,
detest them, curse them. But actually it's better,
if you really hate them, to pray they get what they want:
that way they'll get more punishment.

Act III

SCENE I. Britain. A hall in CYMBELINE'S palace

Enter in state, CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, and LORDS at one door, and at another CAIUS LUCIUS and attendants

CYMBELINE.
Now say, what would Augustus Caesar with us?

Now tell me, what does Augustus Caesar what with us?

LUCIUS.
When Julius Caesar- whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever- was in this Britain,
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,
Famous in Caesar's praises no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it, for him
And his succession granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds, which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

When Julius Caesar–who is still remembered
and will be always talked of
forever–was here in Britain,
and conquered it, Cassibelan, your uncle,
who got great praise from Caesar, and certainly
deserved it for what he did, promised that he
and his successors would give Rome a tribute
of three thousand pounds a year, which recently
you haven't paid.

QUEEN.
And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

And, in case you're wondering,
it never will be paid.

CLOTEN.

There be many Caesars
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

There will be many Caesars
before another one like Julius comes. Britain is
independent, and we will pay nothing
for living in our own homes.

QUEEN.
That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from 's, to resume
We have again. Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors, together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribb'd and pal'd in
With rocks unscalable and roaring waters,
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats
But suck them up to th' top-mast. A kind of conquest
Caesar made here; but made not here his brag
Of 'came, and saw, and overcame.' With shame-
The first that ever touch'd him- he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping-
Poor ignorant baubles!- on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks; for joy whereof
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point-
O, giglot fortune!- to master Caesar's sword,
Made Lud's Town with rejoicing fires bright
And Britons strut with courage.

We now have the chance
to take back what they took from us.
Remember, sir, my lord,
your royal ancestors, and also
natural defences of your island, which stands
in the middle of the sea, fenced in
by unclimbable cliffs and roaring waters,

with sands that will not hold your enemies' boats
but will suck them in up to the mast. Caesar had
a kind of victory here, but it wasn't here that he made his boast
of 'I came, I saw, I conquered.' He was carried
away from our coast having been beaten twice,
and shamed, the first time it had ever happened to him;
and his ships–ill-equipped toys! - were thrown around
like eggshells on the tides of our terrible seas, and cracked
like eggshells against our rocks; out of joy at that
the famous Cassibelan, who once almost–
what a tart fortune is!–managed to defeat Caesar,
made London town bright with victory bonfires,
and the British people strutted bravely.

CLOTEN.
Come, there's no more tribute to be paid. Our kingdom
is
stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is
no
moe such Caesars. Other of them may have crook'd noses; but
to
owe such straight arms, none.

Come, we no longer need to pay tribute. Our kingdom is
stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there are
no longer leaders like Julius. Some of them might have the same crooked noses,
but none of them have such strong arms.

CYMBELINE.
Son, let your mother end.

Son, let your mother finish.

CLOTEN.
We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as
Cassibelan.
I do not say I am one; but I have a hand. Why tribute? Why
should
we pay tribute? If Caesar can hide the sun from us with a

blanket,
or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for
light;
else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

There are many of us who can fight as hard as Cassibelan.
I'm not claiming to be one; but I have hands. Why tribute? Why should
we pay tribute? If Caesar could hide the sun from us with a blanket,
or put themoon in his pocket, we would pay him a tax for the light;
otherwise, sir, no more tribute, I beg you.

CYMBELINE.
You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free. Caesar's ambition-
Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch
The sides o' th' world- against all colour here
Did put the yoke upon's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be.

You must know,
until the insulting Romans extorted
this tribute from us, we were free. Caesar's ambition–
which was so inflated that it almost covered
the whole world–without any pretence of justice
put us in chains; to shake them off
is what a warlike people should do, and that's what we
think of ourselves as.

CLOTEN.
We do.

We do.

CYMBELINE.
Say then to Caesar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which
Ordain'd our laws- whose use the sword of Caesar

Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made our laws,
Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

So tell Caesar,
our ancestor was Mulmutius who
established our laws–which have been too
mangled by Roman occupation; we shall mend them
and put them into practice, using our power, and this shall be
the good deed will be remembered for, however angry Rome gets.
Mulmutius made our laws, the first Briton to put
a crown on his head and call
himself king.

LUCIUS.
I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Caesar-
Caesar, that hath moe kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers- thine enemy.
Receive it from me, then: war and confusion
In Caesar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee; look
For fury not to be resisted. Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

I am sorry, Cymbeline,
that I have to tell you that Augustus Caesar–
Caesar, who has more kings as his servants than
you have servants in your house–is your enemy.
Take it from me, then: I am declaring war
against you in Caesar's name; expect
a fury you cannot resist. Now I have defied you,
I give you my personal thanks.

CYMBELINE.
Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Caesar knighted me; my youth I spent

Much under him; of him I gather'd honour,
Which he to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
Their liberties are now in arms, a precedent
Which not to read would show the Britons cold;
So Caesar shall not find them.

You are welcome, Caius.
Your Caesar knighted me; I spent much of my youth
in his service; he gave me honour,
which, if he now tries to take back from me,
will make me fight to the last ditch. I know
that the Hungarians and Dalmatians are now
fighting for their freedom, which is a precedent
that the Britons would be cowardly not to follow;
Caesar will not find us to be cowards.

LUCIUS.
Let proof speak.

We'll see what happens.

CLOTEN.
His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a
day or
two, or longer. If you seek us afterwards in other terms, you
shall find us in our salt-water girdle. If you beat us out of
it,
it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall
fare
the better for you; and there's an end.

His Majesty welcomes you. Enjoy your stay with us for a day or
two, or longer. If you come back looking for us on other terms,
you will find us in our island in the sea. If you can drive us out of it
it's yours; if you fail in your attempt, our crows will be
fatter from you; and that's the end of it.

LUCIUS.
So, sir.

Very well, sir.

CYMBELINE.
I know your master's pleasure, and he mine;
All the remain is, welcome.
Exeunt

I know your master's position, and he knows mine;
all that is left to say is, welcome.

SCENE II. Britain. Another room in CYMBELINE'S palace

Enter PISANIO reading of a letter

PISANIO.
How? of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monsters her accuse? Leonatus!
O master, what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian-
As poisonous-tongu'd as handed- hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal? No.
She's punish'd for her truth, and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue. O my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low as were
Thy fortunes. How? that I should murder her?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command? I, her? Her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I
That I should seem to lack humanity
So much as this fact comes to? [Reads] 'Do't. The letter
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity.' O damn'd paper,
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,
Art thou a fedary for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.
Enter IMOGEN
I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

What? Of adultery? Why don't you write
what monsters accuse her? Leonatus!
O master, what horrible poison
has dropped into your ear! What false Italian–
with as much poison on his tongue as on his hands–has won
over your far too gullible mind? Disloyal? No.
She is punished for her loyalty, and endures,
more like a goddess than a wife, assaults
that would overcome most virtue. Oh my master!

This way of thinking about how makes your mind
as low asyour fortune. What? You want me to murder her?
You're claiming the love, truth and vows, which I
have committed to you? Me and her? Her blood?
If this is what happens when you do good service
let me never be thought of as a good servant.
What is there in my looks that makes me seem so inhuman
that I would do this? [Reads] 'Do it. The letter
that I have sent her means that she will
provide the opportunity herself.' You damned letter,
as black as the ink that's on you! You worthless idiot,
or are you going to be an accomplice in this act, and keep looking
so innocent? Look, here she comes.
I must pretend I know nothing about these commands.

IMOGEN.
How now, Pisanio!

Hello there, Pisanio!

PISANIO.
Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Madam, here's a letter from my lord.

IMOGEN.
Who? thy lord? That is my lord- Leonatus?
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters-
He'd lay the future open. You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content; yet not
That we two are asunder- let that grieve him!
Some griefs are med'cinable; that is one of them,
For it doth physic love- of his content,
All but in that. Good wax, thy leave. Blest be
You bees that make these locks of counsel! Lovers
And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet

You clasp young Cupid's tables. Good news, gods!
[Reads]
'Justice and your father's wrath, should he take me in his
dominion, could not be so cruel to me as you, O the dearest
of
creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice
that I
am in Cambria, at Milford Haven. What your own love will out
of
this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all happiness that
remains loyal to his vow, and your increasing in love
LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.'
O for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford Haven. Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio-
Who long'st like me to see thy lord, who long'st-
O, let me 'bate!- but not like me, yet long'st,
But in a fainter kind- O, not like me,
For mine's beyond beyond!-say, and speak thick-
Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing
To th' smothering of the sense- how far it is
To this same blessed Milford. And by th' way
Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
T' inherit such a haven. But first of all,
How we may steal from hence; and for the gap
That we shall make in time from our hence-going
And our return, to excuse. But first, how get hence.
Why should excuse be born or ere begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Who? Your lord? The one who is my lord–Leonatus?
It would be a very clever astronomer
who could read the stars as well as I read his letters–
he'd predict the whole future. You good gods,
let the contents of this be full of love and tell

me that my lord is healthy and happy; though not
happy that we are apart–let that grieve him!
Some griefs are curable; that is one of them,
love is its medicine: let him be happy,
in everything but that.Good wax, let me break you.May the bees
which make these seals the be blessed! Lovers
and men threatened by legal documents don't pray for the same thing;
although when they break the seal they get thrown in prison,
you still hold the writings of Cupid. Good news, please gods!
[Reads]
'The law and your father's anger, if he should catch me in his
kingdom, is nothing compared to how you, O dearest
of creatures, can lift me up with a look. Be informed that I
am in Wales, at Milford Haven. Whatever your love inspires
you to do, do that. So the one who remains loyal to his vow
wishes you all happiness, and assures you his love gets greater every day,
Leonatus Posthumus.'
Oh, I wish I had a winged horse! Did you hear, Pisanio?
He is at Milford Haven. Read this, and tell me
how far away it is. If a lowly person
can plod there in a week, why shouldn't I
fly there in a day? Then, true Pisanio–
who's longing to see your lord just like me, who longs–
O, let me change that!–Not like me,
for nobody could want to see him as much as me!–Tell me, and speak thick words–
for the words of love should fill the holes of hearing
and cover up the senses–how far it is
to this same blessed Milford. And by the way,
tell me how Wales was so lucky as
to have such a haven. But first of all,
tell me how we can escape from here; and
what excuse we shall use to cover up the gap in time between
outgoing and return. But first, tell me how to get there.
Why should we give an excuse before we've even done the deed?
We'll talk of that afterwards. Please speak,
how many miles can we cover
each hour?

PISANIO.

One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you, and too much too.

Twenty miles between morning and evening,
Madam, is enough for you, and maybe too much.

IMOGEN.
Why, one that rode to's execution, man,
Could never go so slow. I have heard of riding wagers
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' th' clock's behalf. But this is fool'ry.
Go bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She'll home to her father; and provide me presently
A riding suit, no costlier than would fit
A franklin's huswife.

Why, man, someone riding to his own execution
wouldn't go so slow. I have heard of riding bets
when the horses have run quicker than the sands
running through the timer. But we're messing about.
Go and tell my maid to pretend she is sick; say
she has to go home to her father; and get me quickly
a riding suit, no more ornate than one a
common woman would wear.

PISANIO.
Madam, you're best consider.

Madden, you'd better think about this.

IMOGEN.
I see before me, man. Nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them
That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee;
Do as I bid thee. There's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way.
Exeunt

I can see way ahead clearly, man. I can't see to the left, to the right

or behind, they are covered in a fog through which
I can't see. Get moving, please;
do as I ask you. There's nothing more to say;
the way to Milford is the only way for me to go.

SCENE III. Wales. A mountainous country with a cave

Enter from the cave BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS

BELARIUS.
A goodly day not to keep house with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys; this gate
Instructs you how t' adore the heavens, and bows you
To a morning's holy office. The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans on without
Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' th' rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

It's a good day not to stay indoors when you've got
roofs as low as ours! Bend down, boys; this doorway
teaches you how to worship the heavens, making you bow
to the holy morning. The doorways of monarchs
are built so high that giants might strut through,
keeping their heathen turbans on, without
saying good morning to the sun. Greetings, fair heaven!
We live in the rock, but we are not so disrespectful of you
as much richer people.

GUIDERIUS.
Hail, heaven!

Greetings, heaven!

ARVIRAGUS.
Hail, heaven!

Greetings, heaven!

BELARIUS.
Now for our mountain sport. Up to yond hill,
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,

That it is place which lessens and sets off;
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war.
This service is not service so being done,
But being so allow'd. To apprehend thus
Draws us a profit from all things we see,
And often to our comfort shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check,
Richer than doing nothing for a bribe,
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes him fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd. No life to ours!

Now for our mountain hunting. You go up that hill,
your legs are young; I'll walk on the flat. Think,
when you look down on me from above like a crow,
that you're in a place which makes things look smaller and better;
then you can think about the tales I've told you
of courts, of Princes, of the arts of war.
This is not a chore when you do it like that,
when it is approved. To look at things that way
makes everything we see profitable,
and we will often be comforted by finding
the carapaced beetle is in a safer position
than the broad winged eagle. Oh, this life
ismore noble than going to court just to be rebuked,
richer than taking bribes for nothing,
more dignified than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
that sort of thing is for those who dress themselves up
but never pay off their debts. That's no life compared to ours!

GUIDERIUS.
Out of your proof you speak. We, poor unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o' th' nest, nor know not
What air's from home. Haply this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you
That have a sharper known; well corresponding

With your stiff age. But unto us it is
A cell of ignorance, travelling abed,
A prison for a debtor that not dares
To stride a limit.

You speak from experience. We, poor fledglings,
have never flown out of sight of this nest, and don't know
what other places are like. Maybe this life is best,
if a quiet life is the best; it's sweeter to you
because you've experienced a more lively one; this one suits
your old age well. But to us it is
like being locked in a windowless cell, only travelling in our dreams,
like a debtors' prison where one dare not
go beyond the boundaries.

ARVIRAGUS.
What should we speak of
When we are old as you? When we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse.
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing;
We are beastly: subtle as the fox for prey,
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat.
Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
We make a choir, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

What shall we talk about
when we are as old as you? When we hear
the rain and wind of dark December, how,
in our cramped little cave, shall we while away
the freezing hours in talk? We have seen nothing;
we are like beasts: as cunning as the fox in hunting,
as warlike as the wolf in getting our food.
All our bravery is only hunting; we have become
like caged birds, we join together to sing
about our imprisonment.

BELARIUS.

How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly- the art o' th' court,
As hard to leave as keep, whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slipp'ry that
The fear's as bad as falling; the toil o' th' war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' th'name of fame and honour, which dies i' th'search,
And hath as oft a sland'rous epitaph
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse-
Must curtsy at the censure. O, boys, this story
The world may read in me; my body's mark'd
With Roman swords, and my report was once
first with the best of note. Cymbeline lov'd me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off. Then was I as a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit; but in one night
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

The things you say!
If you only knew the excesses of the city,
and had felt their effects - the politics of the court,
which is as hard to leave as to stay, where reaching the top
means you're certain to fall, or anyway it's so slippery
that the worry is as bad as falling; the toils of war,
a pain that only seems to look for danger
in the name of fame and honour, which is lost in the search,
and where often one gets a bad reputation
for doing good things; many times
one's treated badly for doing good; what's even worse
is one has to accept the criticism meekly.Oh boys,
the world can see me as an example of this; my body's scarred
with Roman swords, and I was once the most talked about
and most approved of.Cymbeline loved me;
whenever soldiers were spoken of, my name was
never far from the conversation.Then I was like a tree

whose branches were bent down with fruit; but in one night
a storm, or robbery, whatever you want to call it,
shook down my fruit, even my leaves,
and left me exposed to the weather.

GUIDERIUS.
Uncertain favour!

How changeable favour is!

BELARIUS.
My fault being nothing- as I have told you oft-
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans. So
Follow'd my banishment, and this twenty years
This rock and these demesnes have been my world,
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, paid
More pious debts to heaven than in all
The fore-end of my time. But up to th' mountains!
This is not hunters' language. He that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' th' feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys.
Exeunt GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS
How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to th' King,
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine; and though train'd up thus meanly
I' th' cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
In simple and low things to prince it much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who
The King his father call'd Guiderius- Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story; say 'Thus mine enemy fell,

And thus I set my foot on's neck'; even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
Once Arviragus, in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
His own conceiving. Hark, the game is rous'd!
O Cymbeline, heaven and my conscience knows
Thou didst unjustly banish me! Whereon,
At three and two years old, I stole these babes,
Thinking to bar thee of succession as
Thou refts me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave.
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up.
Exit

I had done nothing wrong - as I've often told you -
but two villains, whose false oaths were believed
more than my perfect honesty, swore to Cymbeline
that I was in league with the Romans.So
I was banished, and for the last twenty years
this cave and its surroundings have been my world,
where I have lived in honest freedom, and given
more genuine worship to heaven than I did in all
the time leading up to this.But up to the mountains!
This is not the way for hunters to talk.The one who gets
the first deer shall be lord of the feast;
the other two will serve him,
and we won't worry about being poisoned, which we would
if we were in a higher situation.I'll meet you in the valleys.
How difficult it is to hide away true nature!
Those boys have no idea that they are the King's sons,
and Cymbeline has no idea that they are alive.
They think they are mine; and though they have been brought up in such a lowly way,
in the cave where they now crouch, their thoughts reach
to the roofs of palaces, and their nature prompts them
to act like princes even in simple low things,

far above the way others behave.This Polydore,
the heir of Cymbeline and of Britain, whom
his father the King called Guiderius - by Jove!
When I sit on my three legged stool and tell them
of the warlike things I have done, he immerses himself
in my story;if I say, "This is how my enemy fell,
and this is how I put my foot on his neck," then
the princely blood flushes his cheeks, he sweats,
strains his young nerves, and puts himself in a position
that mimics my words.The younger brother, Cadwal,
who was once called Arviragus, in the same way
lives out what I say, and shows that he's
imagining much more.Listen, the game has been flushed out!
Oh Cymbeline, heaven and my conscience know
that you exiled me unjustly!So, when they
were two and three years old, I stole these babies,
planning to stop your succession in revenge
for you taking my lands.Euriphile,
you nursed them; they thought you were their mother,
and every day they pay their respects at your grave.
Me, Belarius, who calls myself Morgan,
they think is their real father.The game is running.

SCENE IV. Wales, near Milford Haven

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN

IMOGEN.
Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand. Ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first as I have now - Pisanio! Man!
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From th' inward of thee? One but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication. Put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staider senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me with
A look untender! If't be summer news,
Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that count'nance still. My husband's hand?
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point. Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

You told me, when we left the horses, that the place
was nearby.My mother never so longed to see me
arrive as I now - Pisanio! Man!
Where is Posthumus?What's on your mind
that makes you stare like that?Why do you give
those great heartfelt sighs?Just a picture of you
would be seen as a person confused
beyond explanation.Stop
looking so worried, or panic
will start to overcome my calm senses.What's the matter?
Why are you holding that paper out to me with
such a harsh look?If it's good news,
give us a smile, if it's bad
you can keep that face.My husband's handwriting?
That poisonous Italy has tricked him,

and he's in some kind of trouble.Speak, man; if I hear it
it might take the edge off the horror of it, when to read it
might kill me.

PISANIO.
Please you read,
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Please, you read it,
and you will see that I, wretched man, am the
unluckiest man alive.

IMOGEN.
[Reads] 'Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath play'd the
strumpet in
my bed, the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak
not
out of weak surmises, but from proof as strong as my grief
and as
certain as I expect my revenge. That part thou, Pisanio, must
act
for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers.
Let
thine own hands take away her life; I shall give thee
opportunity
at Milford Haven; she hath my letter for the purpose; where,
if
thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou
art
the pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.'

'Your mistress, Pisanio, has acted like a tart in my bed,
of which I've had proof which has stabbed me to the heart.
I'm not talking about weak guesses, but proof as strong as my grief
and as certain as the fact that I'll get revenge.Your part, Pisanio,
if your loyalty hasn't been corrupted like hers, is to take
that revenge, kill her yourself.I shall set up your chance
at Milford Haven; I've given her a letter which will get her there;

if you don't do this, and give me proof of it, I'll know
that you are a pimp in her dishonour, and disloyal to me.'

PISANIO.
What shall I need to draw my sword? The paper
Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds and doth belie
All corners of the world. Kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave,
This viperous slander enters. What cheer, madam?

Is there any need to take my sword out?The letter
has already cut her throat out.No, it's slander,
which is sharper than a sword, whose tongue
is more poisonous than all the snakes of Eygpt, whose breath
rides on the swift winds and tells lies
in all corners of the world.Kings, queens and states,
girls, old women, even the secrets of the grave,
are bitten by the viper of slander.What are you thinking, madam?

IMOGEN.
False to his bed? What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep twixt clock and clock? If sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? That's false to's bed,
Is it?

False in his bed?What does it mean, false?
Lying awake in there, thinking of him?
To weep away the hours?If nature breaks sleep,
giving me a terrible dream that he's in trouble,
and cry myself awake?That's being false in his bed,
is it?

PISANIO.
Alas, good lady!

Alas, good lady!

IMOGEN.
I false! Thy conscience witness! Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough. Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him.
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion,
And for I am richer than to hang by th' walls
I must be ripp'd. To pieces with me! O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born where't grows,
But worn a bait for ladies.

Me false!Do you really believe that!Iachimo,
you accused him of being unfaithful;
then you looked like a villain; now I look
at you in a different light.Some made up
Italian tart has led him astray.
He's had enough of me, like clothes that have gone out of fashion,
and as I'm too good to just be hung up in a cupboard
I must be ripped to pieces.Rip me up!Oh,
the promises of men betray women!Everything that looked good
now looks, due to your betrayal, oh husband,
as if it was faked for evil ends; it wasn't natural,
but put on to trap ladies.

PISANIO.
Good madam, hear me.

Good madam, listen to me.

IMOGEN.
True honest men being heard, like false Aeneas,
Were, in his time, thought false; and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity

From most true wretchedness. So thou, Posthumus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men:
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjur'd
From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honest;
Do thou thy master's bidding; when thou seest him,
A little witness my obedience. Look!
I draw the sword myself; take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart.
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief;
Thy master is not there, who was indeed
The riches of it. Do his bidding; strike.
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward.

True and honest men in Aeneas' time were thought
to be false like him, and Sinon's weeping
attracted many good people's sympathy, diverting it
from those who deserved it.In the same way you, Posthumus,
will spoil the reputation of all decent men:
good and brave men will be thought false perjurers
due to your great failings.Come, fellow, be faithful;
Follow your master's orders; when you see him,
you can tell him how obedient I was.Look!
I'm taking out your sword myself; take it, and destroy
that innocent house of love, my heart.
Don't be afraid, there's nothing in it but grief;
your master is not there, who used to be
the best thing in it.Do as he said: strike.
You may be brave in other situations,
but now you seem like a coward.

PISANIO.
Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Get away, horrible tool!
You will not curse my hand.

IMOGEN.

Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart-
Something's afore't. Soft, soft! we'll no defence!-
Obedient as the scabbard. What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers; though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe. And thou, Posthumus,
That didst set up my disobedience 'gainst the King
My father, and make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage but
A strain of rareness; and I grieve myself
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
That now thou tirest on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Prithee dispatch.
The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Why, I have to die,
and if I don't die at your hand you are
no servant to your master.There is such a
holy ban on suicide
that I'm scared to do it.Come on, here's my heart -
there's something in front of it, get away, we'll have no defences!-
as ready to accept your sword as a scabbard.What's this?
The holy words of loyal Leonatus
being blasphemed?Go away,
corrupters of my faith!You will no longer
be wrapped round my heart.This is how poor fools
believe false teachers; though those who are misled
feel the betrayal hard, the ones who led them astray

are in a worse position.And you, Posthumus,
who caused me to disobey my father
the King, and made me treat the offers of princes
with contempt, will find later on
that those were not normal acts, but showed
my special qualities; and it makes me sad
to think, when you have finished with the one
you are now playing with, how your memory
will then be tortured with thoughts of me.Please finish it.
The lamb is begging the butcher.Where's your knife?
You are too slow to follow your master's orders,
when I want you to follow them too.

PISANIO.
O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this business
I have not slept one wink.

Oh sweet lady,
since I got the orders to do this thing
I have not slept a wink.

IMOGEN.
Do't, and to bed then.

Then do it and go to bed.

PISANIO.
I'll wake mine eyeballs first.

I'd sooner tear my eyeballs out.

IMOGEN.
Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles with a pretence? This place?
Mine action and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent?- whereunto I never

Purpose return. Why hast thou gone so far
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
Th' elected deer before thee?

Then why did you
say you'd do it?Why have you made us travel
so many miles under false pretences?Why this place?
Your effort and mine?The work of our horses?
The time it's taken?The disruption of the court
when they find I've gone? (I intend never
to go back)Why have you taken so much trouble
to get your deer in front of your hide,
only to put down your bow?

PISANIO.
But to win time
To lose so bad employment, in the which
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Just to buy some time
to find a way to avoid this task,
and I have now thought of a way.Good lady,
listen patiently to me.

IMOGEN.
Talk thy tongue weary- speak.
I have heard I am a strumpet, and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Talk as much as you like.
I have heard I'm a tart, and now my ear
has been assaulted by that I can not be hurt further
by anything else.

PISANIO.
Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Well, madam,
I thought you would not go back.

IMOGEN.
Most like-
Bringing me here to kill me.

Of course you did,
as you brought me here to kill me.

PISANIO.
Not so, neither;
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be
But that my master is abus'd. Some villain,
Ay, and singular in his art, hath done you both
This cursed injury.

That's not the case;
but if I'm as clever as I am honest then
my plan will be a good one.It can only be
that my master has been tricked.Some scoundrel,
yes and a particularly clever one, has done you both
this damnable mischief.

IMOGEN.
Some Roman courtezan!

Some Roman prostitute!

PISANIO.
No, on my life!
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it, for 'tis commanded
I should do so. You shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

No, I swear not!

I'll just inform him that you're dead, and send him
some bloody proof of it, as he orders me
to do.You shall be missed at court, and that will
confirm the truth of it.

IMOGEN.
Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Well, good fellow,
what shall I do in the meantime?Where shall I live, what shall I live on?
And what happiness can there be in my life, when I am
dead to my husband?

PISANIO.
If you'll back to th' court-

If you'll go back to the court -

IMOGEN.
No court, no father, nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing-
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

No court, no father, and no more nonsense
with that harsh, noble, stupid loser -
that Cloten, whose wooing of me has been like
being under siege.

PISANIO.
If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

If you don't live at court than
you must live out of Britain.

IMOGEN.
Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' th' world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in't;
In a great pool a swan's nest. Prithee think
There's livers out of Britain.

Where then?
Does the sun only shine on Britain?Day and night,
do they only exist in Britain?In the whole world,
Britain seems a part of it, though not joined to it;
a swan's nest in a great pool.Please believe
people do live outside Britain.

PISANIO.
I am most glad
You think of other place. Th' ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford Haven
To-morrow. Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That which t' appear itself must not yet be
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty and full of view; yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear
As truly as he moves.

I'm very glad
you'll consider other places.The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford Haven
tomorrow.Now, if you can play a part as
dark as your fortune is, and just hide
the things which can only be dangerous for you
if they come out now, you shall walk a safe
and happy path; yes, maybe close
to where Posthumus is; so near, at least,
that although you won't be able to see him

you will be able to hear exactly what he's up to.

IMOGEN.
O! for such means,
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Oh!For this sort of thing,
though I risk being immodest, not death,
I would take risks.

PISANIO.
Well then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness-
The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman it pretty self- into a waggish courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrelous as the weasel. Nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it- but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy!- to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan, and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Well then, here's the thing:
you must forget you are a woman; change
from giving orders to obeying them; change fear and delicacy-
that attend all women, or, more truly,
make women - into a cheeky courage;
be ready with jokes, quick answers, saucy and
as quarrelsome as a weasel.You must forget about
protecting your delicate skin,
but expose it - and also harden your delicate heart,
for which, alas, there is no remedy! - to the burning kisses
of the sun, which touches everyone, and forget your
attention to your appearance which made
great Juno angry.

IMOGEN.
Nay, be brief;
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Alright, get to the point;
I can see your plan, and I'm almost
a man already.

PISANIO.
First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit-
'Tis in my cloak-bag- doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them. Would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you're happy- which will make him know
If that his head have ear in music; doubtless
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad-
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning nor supplyment.

First, make yourself just like one.
Planning this, I have already provided -
it's in my saddlebag - a shirt, hat, stockings, all
that go with them.You should, with their help,
and by imitating a youth of a certain age,
present yourself to noble Lucius, say you want to serve him,
tell him what you're good at - which he'll see
if he has any ear for music; no doubt he'll
welcome you joyfully; for he's honourable
and tomake him twice as good very religious.As for your living,
you have me, rich, and I'll never fail
to make sure you have what you need.

IMOGEN.

Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Prithee away!
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us. This attempt
I am soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.

You are all the help
the gods will give me.Please go!
There's more to think about, but we'll sort that
out in good time.I am ready to do this bravely,
and will show the courage of a prince.Off you go, please.

PISANIO.
Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the Queen.
What's in't is precious. If you are sick at sea
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood. May the gods
Direct you to the best!

Well, madam, we must part quickly,
so that I won't be missed and suspected
of helping you leave the court.My noble mistress,
here's a box; the Queen gave it to me.
It has precious contents.If you are seasick
or have a bad stomach on land, a drop of this
will cure you.Find some shelter
and get your man's clothes on.May the gods
show you the best path!

IMOGEN.
Amen. I thank thee.

Exeunt severally

Amen to that.Thank you.

SCENE V. Britain. CYMBELINE'S palace

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, and LORDS

CYMBELINE.
Thus far; and so farewell.

This is as far as we go; and so goodbye.

LUCIUS.
Thanks, royal sir.
My emperor hath wrote; I must from hence,
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Thank you, Royal Sir.
My emperor has written; I must go away,
and I'm very sorry that I must tell you
that now you are my master's enemy.

CYMBELINE.
Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

My subjects, sir,
will not tolerate his slavery; for me
to show less independence than them
would not be fitting for a king.

LUCIUS.
So, sir. I desire of you
A conduct overland to Milford Haven.
Madam, all joy befall your Grace, and you!

Very well, sir. I would like
an escort overland to Milford Haven.
Madam, may all joy come to your Grace, and you!

CYMBELINE.
My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit.
So farewell, noble Lucius.

My lords, you have been chosen for the job;
give him all the respect he is due.
So farewell, noble Lucius.

LUCIUS.
Your hand, my lord.

Give me your hand, my lord.

CLOTEN.
Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Take it as a friend; but from now on
it will be used against you by an enemy.

LUCIUS.
Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

Sir, the outcome
has yet to be decided. Farewell.

CYMBELINE.
Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn. Happiness!
Exeunt LUCIUS and LORDS

Don't leave good Lucius, my good lords,
until he has crossed the Severn. I wish you all happiness!

QUEEN.
He goes hence frowning; but it honours us

That we have given him cause.

He leaves here frowning; but we were right
to give him cause to.

CLOTEN.
'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

It's all the better;
your brave Britons have got what they wish.

CYMBELINE.
Lucius hath wrote already to the Emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness.
The pow'rs that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Lucius has already written to the Emperor
telling him what happened. So now we must make sure
that our chariots and horsemen are prepared.
The forces that he already has in France
will soon be brought to the coast, and from there
he will begin his war for Britain.

QUEEN.
'Tis not sleepy business,
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.

It's not a quiet business,
we must set about it quickly and with determination.

CYMBELINE.
Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd

The duty of the day. She looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty;
We have noted it. Call her before us, for
We have been too slight in sufferance.
Exit a MESSENGER

Thinking it would turn out like this
has made us well-prepared. But, my gentle Queen,
where is my daughter? She did not greet
this Roman, nor has she paid me her
daily respects. She seems to me
to have more malice than obedience in her;
I have noticed it. Call her to me,
I have been too tolerant.

QUEEN.
Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your Majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her; she's a lady
So tender of rebukes that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.
Re-enter MESSENGER

Royal sir,
since the exile of Posthumus she has kept
herself to herself; the cure for that, my lord,
can only be time. I beg your Majesty,
don't speak harshly to her; she's a lady
who is so sensitive to rebuke that words are like whips to her,
whipping her to death.

CYMBELINE.
Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Where is she, sir? What,
is this more disobedience?

MESSENGER.
Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer
That will be given to th' loud of noise we make.

If you please, sir,
her rooms are all locked, and there is no answer
to our loud knocking and calling.

QUEEN.
My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity
She should that duty leave unpaid to you
Which daily she was bound to proffer. This
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

My Lord, when I last went to visit her,
she asked me to excuse her staying inside;
she was feeling ill which meant
she would be unable to pay you
her daily respects as she should. She
wanted me to tell you this; but the recent events
drove it out of my mind.

CYMBELINE.
Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear
Prove false!
Exit

Her doors are locked?
She hasn't been seen recently? Heaven grant
that my fears are false!

QUEEN.
Son, I say, follow the King.

Son, I'm telling you, follow the King.

CLOTEN.
That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I haven't seen for the past two days.

QUEEN.
Go, look after.
Exit CLOTEN
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!
He hath a drug of mine. I pray his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthumus. Gone she is
To death or to dishonour, and my end
Can make good use of either. She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.
Re-enter CLOTEN
How now, my son?

Go, follow him.

Pisanio, the one who supports Posthumus!
He has my drugs. I pray his absence
comes from swallowing that; for he believes
they are good things. But as for her,
where has she gone? Maybe she's been overcome with despair:
or, spurred on by the strength of her love, she's gone
to her desired Posthumus: she's gone,
to death, or to disgrace, and either one
can suit my purposes. With her out of the picture,
the British crown is in my hands.

What's happening, my son?

CLOTEN.
'Tis certain she is fled.
Go in and cheer the King. He rages; none
Dare come about him.

It's certain she has fled.
Go in and cheer up the king. He is raging;
nobody dares go near him.

QUEEN.
All the better. May
This night forestall him of the coming day!
Exit

All the better. I hope
this rage will kill him!

CLOTEN.
I love and hate her; for she's fair and royal,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman. From every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all. I love her therefore; but
Disdaining me and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus slanders so her judgment
That what's else rare is chok'd; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For when fools
Shall-
Enter PISANIO
Who is here? What, are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither. Ah, you precious pander! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

I love her and hate her; she's beautiful and regal,
and she has all the noble accomplishments better

than any other female. She has taken
the best of everybody, and she, made of them all,
outstrips them all. So I love her; but
rejecting me and giving herself
to the lowly Posthumus shows such bad judgement
that all her good qualities are spoiled: and due to that
I have come to hate her, in fact,
I will take vengeance upon her. For, when fools
shall–
Who is this? What, are you running away, sir?
Come here. Ah, you damned pimp! Villain,
where is your lady? Tell me at once,
or you're going straight to hell.

PISANIO.
O, good my lord!

Oh, my good lord!

CLOTEN.
Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter-
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Where is your lady? Or, by Jupiter–
I won't ask again. Sneaking villain,
I'll get this secret out of your heart,
or rip your heart open to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
A person who has so many low qualities
that not a drop of good can come from him.

PISANIO.
Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.

Alas, my lord,
how can she be with him? When did she go missing?
He is in Rome.

CLOTEN.
Where is she, sir? Come nearer.
No farther halting! Satisfy me home
What is become of her.

Where is she, sir? Come closer.
No more delay! Tell me the truth
about what has happened to her.

PISANIO.
O my all-worthy lord!

Oh my great lord!

CLOTEN.
All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is at once,
At the next word. No more of 'worthy lord'!
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Great villain!
Tell me where your mistress is at once,
the next thing you say. No more of this 'great lord'!
Speak, or your silence will instantly
condemn you to death.

PISANIO.
Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [Presenting a letter]

Then, sir,
this letter contains everything I know
about her escape.

CLOTEN.
Let's see't. I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Let's see it. I will chase
all the way to Rome.

PISANIO.
[Aside] Or this or perish.
She's far enough; and what he learns by this
May prove his travel, not her danger.

It was either this or die.
She's far enough away; what he learns from this
might give him trouble, it won't give her danger.

CLOTEN.
Humh!

Hmm!

PISANIO.
[Aside] I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again!

I'll write to my lord that she is dead. O Imogen,
may you be safe on your travels, and come home safe again!

CLOTEN.
Sirrah, is this letter true?

Sir, is this letter true?

PISANIO.
Sir, as I think.

I think it is, sir.

CLOTEN.
It is Posthumus' hand; I know't. Sirrah, if thou
wouldst
not be a villain, but do me true service, undergo those
employments wherein I should have cause to use thee with a
serious industry- that is, what villainy soe'er I bid thee
do, to
perform it directly and truly- I would think thee an honest
man;
thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief nor my
voice
for thy preferment.

This is Posthumus' handwriting; I know it. Sir, if you
don't want to be a villain, but to serve me properly, undertake
the tasks which I set you with
great vigour–I mean, do whatever villainy I tell you to,
quickly and well–that would make me think of you as a good man;
you wouldn't be lacking for money and I would back
your promotion.

PISANIO.
Well, my good lord.

That sounds good, my good lord.

CLOTEN.
Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly
thou
hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou
canst not, in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent
follower
of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Will you serve me? Seeing how you patiently and loyally
stuck to the empty fortunes of that beggar Posthumus, you
cannot, through gratitude, fail to be a constant
follower of mine. Will you serve me?

PISANIO.
Sir, I will.

Sir, I will.

CLOTEN.
Give me thy hand; here's my purse. Hast any of thy late
master's garments in thy possession?

*Give me your hand; here's my purse. Do you have any
of your former master's clothes?*

PISANIO.
I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore
when
he took leave of my lady and mistress.

*My lord, in my lodgings I have the same suit he wore
when he said goodbye to my lady and mistress.*

CLOTEN.
The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither.
Let
it be thy first service; go.

*The first job I want you to do is to fetch me that suit.
Let that be your first job; go.*

PISANIO.
I shall, my lord.
Exit
I shall, my lord.

CLOTEN.
Meet thee at Milford Haven! I forgot to ask him one
thing;
I'll remember't anon. Even there, thou villain Posthumus,
will I
kill thee. I would these garments were come. She said upon a

time- the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart- that she
held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble
and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities.
With that suit upon my back will I ravish her; first kill him,
and in her eyes. There shall she see my valour, which will then
be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of
insultment ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath dined-
which, as I say, to vex her I will execute in the clothes that
she so prais'd- to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home
again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my
revenge.
Re-enter PISANIO, with the clothes
Be those the garments?

Meet you at Milford Haven! I forgot to ask him
one thing, I'll remember it soon. Right there, you
villain Posthumus, I will kill you. I wish those
clothes would come. She once said (I now
belch the bitterness of it out of my heart) that she
had more respect for the clothes of Posthumus
than for my noble living person, which is
made better through my accomplishments. With that suit on
my back, I shall rape her: first I'll kill him, within her
sight; that way she'll see my bravery, which will
make her contempt look stupid. With him on the ground,
when I have finished insulting his dead body,
and when I've satisfied my lust, which, as I say, to
upset her I will do wearing the clothes that she
praised, I'll throw her back to the court, send her home
again on foot. She enjoyed despising me,

so I'll enjoy my revenge.

Are those the clothes?

PISANIO.
Ay, my noble lord.

Yes, my noble lord.

CLOTEN.
How long is't since she went to Milford Haven?

How long ago did she go to Milford Haven?

PISANIO.
She can scarce be there yet.

She can hardly be there yet.

CLOTEN.
Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second
thing
that I have commanded thee. The third is that thou wilt be a
voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous and true,
preferment
shall tender itself to thee. My revenge is now at Milford,
would
I had wings to follow it! Come, and be true.
Exit

Bring these clothes to my room; that is the second thing
I have ordered you to do. The third is that you
keep silent about my plans. Just work well and be loyal,
you will find you'll get ahead. My revenge is waiting at Milford,
I wish I had wings to follow it! Come on, and be true.

PISANIO.
Thou bid'st me to my loss; for true to thee
Were to prove false, which I will never be,

To him that is most true. To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursuits. Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed
Be cross'd with slowness! Labour be his meed!
Exit

Your orders are lost on me; being true to you
would be to be false, which I will never be,
to the person who is really true. Go to Milford,
and don't find the one you're chasing. Pour down
all your blessings on her, heaven! Rein in
the speed of this fool; may trouble be his reward!

SCENE VI. Wales. Before the cave of BELARIUS

Enter IMOGEN alone, in boy's clothes

IMOGEN.
I see a man's life is a tedious one.
I have tir'd myself, and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick
But that my resolution helps me. Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken. O Jove! I think
Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me
I could not miss my way. Will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear lord!
Thou art one o' th' false ones. Now I think on thee
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food. But what is this?
Here is a path to't; 'tis some savage hold.
I were best not call; I dare not call. Yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother. Ho! who's here?
If anything that's civil, speak; if savage,
Take or lend. Ho! No answer? Then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword, like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heavens!
Exit into the cave

I see that a man's life is a hard one,
I have worn myself out:two nights in a row
I have slept on the ground. I should be ill,
but my determination helps me: Milford,
when Pisanio showed me you from a mountaintop,

you were within view. O Jove! I think safe havens
fly away from the wretched: I mean, places
where they can get help. Two beggars told me
I couldn't go wrong. Do poor folks lie,
when they are suffering, knowing it is
a punishment or test? Yes; no wonder,
when rich ones hardly tell the truth. To lie when prosperous
is worse than lying when needy: andfalsehood
is worse in Kings than in beggars. My dear lord,
you are one of the false ones! Now when I think of you
my hunger is gone; but even before that I was
on the point of collapse through hunger–but what's this?
There is a path here to it: it is some savage's hideout:
I shouldn't call out; I dare not call out: but hunger,
before it kills me, makes me bold.
Peace and plenty makes cowards: hardship
makes people hard. Hello! Who's this?
If you're civilised, speak: if you're savage
kill me or help me. Hello! No answer? Then I'll go in.
I'd better draw my sword; and if my enemy
is as scared of swords I am, he'll hardly dare look at it.
Good heavens, send me an enemy like this!

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS

BELARIUS.
You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman and
Are master of the feast. Cadwal and I
Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match.
The sweat and industry would dry and die
But for the end it works to. Come, our stomachs
Will make what's homely savoury; weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. Now, peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

You, Polydore, have shown yourself the best hunter and
you are master of the feast. Cadwal and I
will be the cook and the servant; that was our agreement.

The sweat and labour would dry up and die
if it wasn't for the result it desires. Come, our hunger
will make simple food taste good; when you're properly tired
you can sleep on the rock, when unworking laziness
makes the feather pillow feel hard. Now, here is our resting place,
our lowly house, standing empty!

GUIDERIUS.
I am thoroughly weary.

I am thoroughly worn out.

ARVIRAGUS.
I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

I'm weak with effort, but strong with hunger.

GUIDERIUS.
There is cold meat i' th' cave; we'll browse on that
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

There is cold meat in the cave; we'll nibble at that
while our prey is cooked.

BELARIUS.
[Looking into the cave] Stay, come not in.
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Wait, don't come in.
Except for the fact that it's eating our food, I would think
that this was a fairy.

GUIDERIUS.
What's the matter, sir?

What's the matter, sir?

BELARIUS.

By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon! Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!
Re-enter IMOGEN

By Jupiter, an angel! Or, if not,
an earthly copy of one! See divinity,
no older than a boy!

IMOGEN.
Good masters, harm me not.
Before I enter'd here I call'd, and thought
To have begg'd or bought what I have took. Good troth,
I have stol'n nought; nor would not though I had found
Gold strew'd i' th' floor. Here's money for my meat.
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal, and parted
With pray'rs for the provider.

Good masters, don't hurt me.
Before I came in here I called, and wanted
to beg or buy the things I've taken. I promise,
I have stolen nothing; and I wouldn't have even if I had found
gold covering the floor. Here is money for my meat.
I would have left it on the table, as soon
as I had finished eating, and I would have left
saying prayers for the provider.

GUIDERIUS.
Money, youth?

Money, youth?

ARVIRAGUS.
All gold and silver rather turn to dirt,
As 'tis no better reckon'd but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

All gold and silver should turn to dirt,

as the only people who value it
are those who worship false gods.

IMOGEN.
I see you're angry.
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.

I see you are angry.
You should know that if you kill me for what I've done,
I would have died if I hadn't done it.

BELARIUS.
Whither bound?

Where you going?

IMOGEN.
To Milford Haven.

To Milford Haven.

BELARIUS.
What's your name?

What's your name?

IMOGEN.
Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fall'n in this offence.

Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who
is bound for Italy; he is taking a ship from Milford;
I was going to him when, almost dead from hunger,
I committed this offence.

BELARIUS.

Prithee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night; you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart, and thanks to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.

Please, fair youth,
do not think we are rude, and don't judge our good minds
by the standards of the rough place we live in. Pleased to meet you!
It's almost night; you will have better food
before you leave, and we'll thank you for staying to eat it.
Boys, make him welcome.

GUIDERIUS.
Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard but be your groom. In honesty
I bid for you as I'd buy.

If only you were a woman, youth,
I should try my hardest to marry you.
I really mean what I'm saying.

ARVIRAGUS.
I'll make't my comfort
He is a man. I'll love him as my brother;
And such a welcome as I'd give to him
After long absence, such is yours. Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

I'm glad enough that
he's a man. I'll love him as my brother;
and I'll give you a welcome such as
I would give him after a long absence. You are most welcome!
Be cheerful, for you have found friends.

IMOGEN.
'Mongst friends,
If brothers. [Aside] Would it had been so that they

Had been my father's sons! Then had my prize
Been less, and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.

Amongst friends,
brothers.[Aside] I wish they had been
my father's sons! Then my inheritance
would have been less, so I would have been more equal
to you, Posthumus.

BELARIUS.
He wrings at some distress.

He's wringing his hands, something is upsetting him.

GUIDERIUS.
Would I could free't!

I wish I could free him from it!

ARVIRAGUS.
Or I, whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

So do I, whatever it is,
however painful it would be, however dangerous! Gods!

BELARIUS.
[Whispering] Hark, boys.

Listen, boys.

IMOGEN.
[Aside] Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, laying by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes,
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!

I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus' false.

Great men,
who had a court no bigger than this cave,
with no servants, and had to
be accountable to themselves for their behaviour, without
the empty praise of the crowds,
could not do better than these two. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be their companion,
since Leonatus has proved false.

BELARIUS.
It shall be so.
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth, come in.
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

This is the way it will be.
Boys, let's go and butcher the carcass. Fair youth, come in.
Talking is tiring and hungry work; when we have eaten,
we'll politely ask you for your story,
as far as you want to tell it.

GUIDERIUS.
Pray draw near.

Please come in.

ARVIRAGUS.
The night to th' owl and morn to th' lark less
welcome.

You are more welcome to us than the night is to the owl or the morning is to the lark.

IMOGEN.
Thanks, sir.

Thank you, sir.

ARVIRAGUS.
I pray draw near.
Exeunt

Please come in.

SCENE VII. Rome. A public place

Enter two ROMAN SENATORS and TRIBUNES

FIRST SENATOR.
This is the tenour of the Emperor's writ:
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius proconsul; and to you, the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Caesar!

This is the basis of the emperor's instructions;
that since the common people are now fighting
against the Hungarians and Dalmatians,
and since the legions that are now in France are
too weak to undertake our wars against
the rebellious Britons, that we ask
the upper classes to do this business. He has made
Lucius proconsul: and he commands
that you tribunes must follow his orders in this current business. Long live Caesar!

TRIBUNE.
Is Lucius general of the forces?

Is Lucius general of the forces?

SECOND SENATOR.
Ay.

Yes.

TRIBUNE.
Remaining now in Gallia?

And he's stayed in France?

FIRST SENATOR.
With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant. The words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their dispatch.

With those legions
which I have spoken of,which you must supplement
with your people. The written orders will tell you
how many to send, and when
to send them.

TRIBUNE.
We will discharge our duty.
Exeunt

We will do our duty.

Act IV

SCENE I. Wales. Near the cave of BELARIUS

Enter CLOTEN alone

CLOTEN.
I am near to th' place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? The rather- saving reverence of the word- for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber- I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions. Yet this imperceiverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before her face; and all this done, spurn her home to her father, who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe. Out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand. This is the

very
description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not
deceive me.
Exit

I am near the place where they should meet, if Pisanio
has got it right.How well his clothes fit me! Why shouldn't
his mistress, who was made by the same one who made the tailor,
not fit me too?More so, as - apologies for the dirty pun - they say
a woman's randiness comes in fits.So I must be the workman.
I can say it to myself, because it's not vain when a man
is only addressing himself - I mean, my physique
is just as good as his; I'm just as strong, I'm no
poorer than him, at the moment I'm ahead of him in luck,
above him in class, his equal on the battlefield
and better than him at duelling.But this blockheaded
thing prefers him to me.What a thing mortality is!Posthumus, your
head, at the moment sitting on your shoulders, shall within
the hour be cut off; your mistress will be raped; your clothes will be cut to pieces
in front of her face; and once all this is done, I'll kick her home to her father,
who might be a little angry at my treatment of her; but my mother,
who is able to control his anger, will turn everything into
praise for me.My horse is tied up safe.Out you come, sword, with a
bad purpose!Fortune, let me get my hands on them.This is the exact
description of their meeting place, and the fellow won't dare try and trick me.

SCENE II. Wales. Before the cave of BELARIUS

Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN

BELARIUS.
[To IMOGEN] You are not well. Remain here in the
cave;
We'll come to you after hunting.

You are not well.Stay here in the cave;
we'll come back after hunting.

ARVIRAGUS.
[To IMOGEN] Brother, stay here.
Are we not brothers?

Brother, stay here.
Aren't we brothers?

IMOGEN.
So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

So all men should be;
though they may be different in class,
their dust is identical.I am very sick.

GUIDERIUS.
Go you to hunting; I'll abide with him.

You go hunting, I'll stop here with him.

IMOGEN.
So sick I am not, yet I am not well;
But not so citizen a wanton as
To seem to die ere sick. So please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course. The breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me

Cannot amend me; society is no comfort
To one not sociable. I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you trust me here.
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

I'm not that sick, though I am not well;
but I'm not such a namby pamby as
to pretend I'm dying when I'm sick.So please, leave me;
stick to your daily routine.Breaking routines
upsets everything.I am ill, but you being with me
won't make me better.Company doesn't help
when you don't feel like it.I am not very sick,
since I can think about it.Please trust me on this.
I'll rob no-one but myself, and let me die
for being such a poor thief.

GUIDERIUS.
I love thee; I have spoke it,
How much the quantity, the weight as much
As I do love my father.

I love you; I have told you,
in the same way and just as much
as I love my father.

BELARIUS.
What? how? how?

What?What's that?

ARVIRAGUS.
If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault. I know not why
I love this youth, and I have heard you say
Love's reason's without reason. The bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say
'My father, not this youth.'

If it's a sin to say so, sir, I am just as sinning
as my brother.I don't know why
I love this youth, and I have heard you say
there's no logic to love.If the funeral cart was at the door
and they asked who should die, I'd say,
'My father, not this youth.'

BELARIUS.
[Aside] O noble strain!
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards and base things sire base.
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.
I'm not their father; yet who this should be
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.-
'Tis the ninth hour o' th' morn.

What noble ancestry!
What wonders of nature!What a great breed!
Cowards father cowards and low people low children.
Nature has both good and bad.
I'm not their father; but who is this
whom they miraculously love ahead of me? -
It's nine o'clock.

ARVIRAGUS.
Brother, farewell.

Brother, farewell.

IMOGEN.
I wish ye sport.

Good hunting.

ARVIRAGUS.
Your health. [To BELARIUS] So please you, sir.

Good health.[To Belarius]If you please, sir.

IMOGEN.
[Aside] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I
have
heard!
Our courtiers say all's savage but at court.
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!
Th' imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still; heart-sick. Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug. [Swallows some]

These are kind folk.By the gods, what lies I've heard!
Our courtiers say that everyone outside the court are savages.
Experience has showed that's wrong!
There are monsters in the royal seas, and humble streams
produce fish that are just as good to eat.
I am still sick; sick in my heart.Pisanio,
I'll now taste your drug.

GUIDERIUS.
I could not stir him.
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

I couldn't get anything from him.
He said he was noble, but unlucky;
Hurt by lies, but honest himself.

ARVIRAGUS.
Thus did he answer me; yet said hereafter
I might know more.

That's what he said to me; but he said that later
I might know more.

BELARIUS.
To th' field, to th' field!
We'll leave you for this time. Go in and rest.

Come on, we need to hunt!
We'll leave you for now.Go in and rest.

ARVIRAGUS.
We'll not be long away.

We won't be gone long.

BELARIUS.
Pray be not sick,
For you must be our huswife.

Please don't be sick,
for you must be our housewife.

IMOGEN.
Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.

Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.

BELARIUS.
And shalt be ever.
Exit IMOGEN into the cave
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had
Good ancestors.

And always shall be.

This youth, however low he's been bought, appears
to have had good ancestors.

ARVIRAGUS.
How angel-like he sings!

How angelic his singing is!

GUIDERIUS.

But his neat cookery! He cut our roots in
characters,
And sauc'd our broths as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

And his wonderful cooking!He cut our vegetables
into designs,
and flavoured our soup as if Juno was sick
and he was her cook.

ARVIRAGUS.
Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh that it would fly
From so divine a temple to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

He nobly smiles
and sighs at the same time, as if the sigh
was sighing for not being such a smile;
the smile so mocks the sigh that it flies
out of such a divine temple
to mingle with the rough winds.

GUIDERIUS.
I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

I have noticed
that he has grief and calm as part of his nature,
both driving him on.

ARVIRAGUS.
Grow patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine!

Let the calm grow!
And let the stinking elder, grief, unwrap
its choking roots from the growing vine!

BELARIUS.
It is great morning. Come, away! Who's there?
Enter CLOTEN

It is high morning.Come, let's go!Who's there?

CLOTEN.
I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

I can't find those runaways; that villain
has tricked me.I am faint.

BELARIUS.
Those runagates?
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' th' Queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he. We are held as outlaws. Hence!

Those runaways?
He doesn't mean us?I vaguely know him; it's
Cloten, the son of the Queen.I fear some ambush.
I haven't seen him for many years, but
I know it's him.We are counted as outlaws.Let's get away!

GUIDERIUS.
He is but one; you and my brother search
What companies are near. Pray you away;
Let me alone with him.
Exeunt BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS

He's alone; you and my brother search
to see what men he has with him.Please go;
leave me alone with him.

CLOTEN.
Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? Some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such. What slave art thou?

Hello! Who are you that
run away from me like this? Some villainous mountain bandits?
I have heard of them. What slave are you?

GUIDERIUS.
A thing
More slavish did I ne'er than answering
'A slave' without a knock.

I never did anything more slavish
that letting someone call me slave
without giving them a clout.

CLOTEN.
Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain. Yield thee, thief.

You are a robber,
a law breaker, a villain. Surrender, thief.

GUIDERIUS.
To who? To thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine, a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger, for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art;
Why I should yield to thee.

To who? To you? Who are you? Haven't I got
arms as big as yours, and a heart as big too?
I'll grant that your words are bigger, because I don't
use words instead of weapons. Say who you are,
and why I should surrender to you.

CLOTEN.
Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

You low villain,
don't you know me from my clothes?

GUIDERIUS.
No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

No, nor do I know your tailor, rascal,
who is your grandfather; he made those clothes,
which, it appears, are all you have.

CLOTEN.
Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

You damned rascal,
my tailor didn't make them.

GUIDERIUS.
Hence, then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loath to beat thee.

Get away then and thank
the man that gave them to you. You're such a fool
I can't bring myself to beat you.

CLOTEN.
Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

You foul thief,
just hear my name and tremble.

GUIDERIUS.
What's thy name?

What's your name?

CLOTEN.
Cloten, thou villain.

Cloten, you villain.

GUIDERIUS.
Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it. Were it toad, or adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Cloten, you double villain, if that's your name,
I can't tremble at it.If it was toad, or adder, spider,
I'd be more scared.

CLOTEN.
To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I am son to th' Queen.

To make you more afraid,
in fact to completely confound you, you should know
that I am the Queen's son.

GUIDERIUS.
I'm sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

I'm sorry to hear it;
you don't live up to your ancestry.

CLOTEN.
Art not afeard?

Aren't you afraid?

GUIDERIUS.
Those that I reverence, those I fear- the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

I respect and fear wise men:
I laugh at fools, I don't fear them.

CLOTEN.
Die the death.
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's Town set your heads.
Yield, rustic mountaineer.
Exeunt, fighting
Re-enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS

You're going to die.
When I have killed you with my own hands
I'll follow those who ran from here
and I'll impale your heads on the gates of London.
Surrender, you mountain peasant.

BELARIUS.
No company's abroad.

There's nobody around.

ARVIRAGUS.
None in the world; you did mistake him, sure.

Nobody at all; you have mistaken him for someone else.

BELARIUS.
I cannot tell; long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his. I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten.

I can't tell; it's a long time since I saw him,
But time hasn't changed the family likeness
which he had before; the tone of voice
and the way of speaking were all his.I'm positive
it was Cloten.

ARVIRAGUS.
In this place we left them.
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

We left them here.
I hope my brother managed to deal with him,
you say he is so evil.

BELARIUS.
Being scarce made up,
I mean to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment
Is oft the cease of fear.
Re-enter GUIDERIUS with CLOTEN'S head
But, see, thy brother.

Being little more than an idiot
he didn't have much idea of fear;
defective judgement
often causes fear.

But look, there's your brother.

GUIDERIUS.
This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse;
There was no money in't. Not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none;
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head as I do his.

This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse;

there was no money in it.Not even Hercules
could have knocked out his brains, for he had none;
but if I hadn't done this, the fool would be carrying
my head like I'm carrying his.

BELARIUS.
What hast thou done?

What have you done?

GUIDERIUS.
I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the Queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swore
With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads where- thank the gods!- they grow,
And set them on Lud's Town.

I know very well what: I have cut off one Cloten's head,
the son of the Queen, as he told me;
he called me a traitor, a mountain bandit, and swore
he would capture us single handed,
and rip our heads from where - thank the gods! - they grow,
and display them in London.

BELARIUS.
We are all undone.

We are all lost.

GUIDERIUS.
Why, worthy father, what have we to lose
But that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us; then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,
Play judge and executioner all himself,
For do we fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Why, good father, what have we got to lose
except the thing he swore to take from us, our lives?The law
doesn't protect us; so why should we allow
some arrogant fellow to threaten us,
playing the judge and executioner himself,
do we fear the law?What did you see
of his associates?

BELARIUS.
No single soul
Can we set eye on, but in an safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation- ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse- not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone. Although perhaps
It may be heard at court that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head- the which he hearing,
As it is like him, might break out and swear
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking
Or they so suffering. Then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

We haven't seen a single soul,
but it stands to reason that he must
have had company.Although he was
always changeable - yes, and going
from bad to worse - no fit, not
complete madness could have driven him
to get her on his own.It's possible
it is said at court that people like us
shelter here, hunt here, are outlaws, and might one day
be more threatening - and hearing this
it would be like him to boast that he would
capture us; but it's unlikely he'd
come alone, either that he would do it

or that they would allow it.So we have good reason to be afraid,
if we fear that this body has a tail
more dangerous than the head.

ARVIRAGUS.
Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it. Howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Let it all happen
as the gods have ordained.Whatever,
my brother has done well.

BELARIUS.
I had no mind
To hunt this day; the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

I didn't feel like
hunting today; the boy Fidele's sickness
made my journey tedious.

GUIDERIUS.
With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him. I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock, and let it to the sea
And tell the fishes he's the Queen's son, Cloten.
That's all I reck.
Exit

I have taken his head from him with
his own sword, which he waved at my throat.
I'll throw it in the creek
behind our shelter, and let it float to the sea
and tell the fishes he's Cloten, the Queen's son.
That's the end of it, I say.

BELARIUS.

I fear'twill be reveng'd.
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

I fear there will be revenge for this.
I wish you hadn't done this Polydore!Though the bravery
is well suited to you.

ARVIRAGUS.
Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursu'd me! Polydore,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed. I would revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through,
And put us to our answer.

I wish I had done it,
so the revenge was only taken on me!Polydore,
I love you as a brother, but I'm very jealous
that you did this thing and not me.I want to match you,
and I hope we have other encounters which test us,
and make us do our best.

BELARIUS.
Well, 'tis done.
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I prithee to our rock.
You and Fidele play the cooks; I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Well, it's done.
We'll hunt no more today, nor look for danger
where there's no benefit to it.Back to the cave, please.
You and Fidele act as cooks; I'll stay here
until fiery Polydore comes back, and bring him
to dinner shortly.

ARVIRAGUS.

Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him; to gain his colour
I'd let a parish of such Cloten's blood,
And praise myself for charity.
Exit

Poor sick Fidele!
I'll gladly go to him; to put the colour back in his cheeks
I'd kill a parish full of people like Cloten,
and praise myself for my good works.

BELARIUS.
O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, thou thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind
That by the top doth take the mountain pine
And make him stoop to th' vale. 'Tis wonder
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other, valour
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.
Re-enter GUIDERIUS

Oh goddess,
heavenly nature, you put yourself
into these two princely boys!They are as gentle
as breezes whispering through the violets
without disturbing their sweet petals; but they're as rough,
when their royal blood is up, as the strongest wind
that grabs the top of the mountain pine
and bends it down to the valley.It's amazing
that an unseen instinct should make them
royal without instruction, honourable without teaching,

unusually polite, they have bravery
growing wild in them, but the results are as good
as if they'd been educated.But still, it's a mystery
what Cloten's being here means for us,
or what his death will bring.

GUIDERIUS.
Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return. [Solemn music]

Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's head down the stream,
to see his mother; his body stays as hostage
for his return.

BELARIUS.
My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds. But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

My cunning instrument!
Listen, Polydore, it's sounding.But what's made
Cadwal set it going?Listen!

GUIDERIUS.
Is he at home?

Is he at home?

BELARIUS.
He went hence even now.

He went there just now.

GUIDERIUS.
What does he mean? Since death of my dear'st mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things

Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?
Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, with IMOGEN as dead, bearing her in his arms

What does he mean?It hasn't been used since
the death of my dearest mother.This should only be used for
something serious.What is it?
Celebrating over nothing and lamenting over trifles
is fun for apes and wrong for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

BELARIUS.
Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms
Of what we blame him for!

Look, here he comes,
and he is carrying the terrible reason
for the thing we criticise him for.

ARVIRAGUS.
The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

The one we loved so much
is dead.I would rather have
gone straight from sixteen to sixty,
and turned my strong youth into weak old age,
than have seen this.

GUIDERIUS.
O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well

As when thou grew'st thyself.

Oh sweetest, fairest lily!
You don't look half as good in my brother's arms.
as when you stood on your own feet.

BELARIUS.
O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might'st easiliest harbour in? Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy.
How found you him?

Oh sorrow!
Who could ever get to the bottom of you? Who could
find the sign to show what harbour your slow ship
might most easily anchor in?You blessed thing!
Jove knows what sort of man you would have lived to be; but I know
that you died, a most wonderful boy, of sorrow.
What was he like when you found him?

ARVIRAGUS.
Stark, as you see;
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Just as you see now;
smiling like this, as if some fly had tickled him in his sleep,
not as if he was laughing at death's arrows; his right cheek
was resting on a cushion.

GUIDERIUS.
Where?

Where?

ARVIRAGUS.
O' th' floor;
His arms thus leagu'd. I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

On the floor,
his arms crossed like this.I thought he was asleep, and took
my shoes off, because their rough soles
made too much noise.

GUIDERIUS.
Why, he but sleeps.
If he be gone he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Why, he's just sleeping.
If he has gone his grave will be a bed;
his tomb will be surrounded with female fairies,
and worms will not eat you.

ARVIRAGUS.
With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweet'ned not thy breath. The ruddock would,
With charitable bill- O bill, sore shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!- bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flow'rs are none,
To winter-ground thy corse-

Fidele, as long as summer lasts
and I live here I'll sweeten your sad grave
with the fairest flowers, Fidele.You shall have

the pale primroses, that are like you face;
and the blue-lined harebell, like your veins; and
sweet briar leaf, which, not to put it down,
was not sweeter thanyour breath.The robin will,
with his kind beak - oh, a beak that shames
those rich heirs who let their fathers lie
without a monument! - bring you all this;
yes, and when there are no flowers he'll bring you
furry moss, to cover your body in winter.

GUIDERIUS.
Prithee have done,
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. To th' grave.

Please stop it,
and stop talking girlish nonsense when the matter
is so serious.Let us bury him,
and not string out with boasting
what now has to be done.Let's go to the grave.

ARVIRAGUS.
Say, where shall's lay him?

Where shall we bury him?

GUIDERIUS.
By good Euriphile, our mother.

Next to good Euriphile, our mother.

ARVIRAGUS.
Be't so;
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to th' ground,
As once to our mother; use like note and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

So be it.
And let us, Polydore, although our voices
have now become manly basses, sing him into the ground,
as we once did with our mother; use the same music and words,
except that Euriphile must be exchanged for Fidele.

GUIDERIUS.
Cadwal,
I cannot sing. I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Cadwal, I cannot sing.I'll weep, and speak the words with you;
for songs of sorrow sung out of tune are worse
than lying priests and their temples.

ARVIRAGUS.
We'll speak it, then.

We'll say the words, then.

BELARIUS.
Great griefs, I see, med'cine the less, for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
And though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that. Though mean and mighty rotting
Together have one dust, yet reverence-
That angel of the world- doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Great sorrows, I see, make the lesser ones disappear, for Cloten
has been quite forgotten.He was the son of a queen, boys;
and though he came here as our enemy, remember
he has paid the price for that.Though low and mighty
both rot to the same dust, but reverence -
the guiding light of the world - distinguishes

between the great and the low.Our enemy was a prince;
and though you took his life as an enemy,
still bury him as a prince.

GUIDERIUS.
Pray you fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive.

Please bring him here.
Thersite's body is as good as that of Ajax,
when they are both dead.

ARVIRAGUS.
If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst. Brother, begin.
Exit BELARIUS

If you'll go and fetch him,
we'll say our song in the meantime.Brother, begin.

GUIDERIUS.
Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to th' East;
My father hath a reason for't.

No, Cadwal, we must lay him with his head pointing east.
That's what my father says.

ARVIRAGUS.
'Tis true.

It's true.

GUIDERIUS.
Come on, then, and remove him.

Come on then, and move him.

ARVIRAGUS.

So. Begin.

That's it.Begin.

SONG
GUIDERIUS.
Fear no more the heat o' th' sun
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Don't fear any longer the heat of the sun
nor the furious raging of the winter;
you have finished your task on earth,
you have gone home, and taken your wages.
Golden lads and girls must all,
like chimney sweeps, become dust.

ARVIRAGUS.
Fear no more the frown o' th' great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke.
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak.
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this and come to dust.

Don't fear the frown of the great any longer;
you are beyond the reach of the tyrant.
Don't worry any longer about clothes and food;
the reed and the oak are the same to you.
Royalty, learning, medicine, must
all follow you and turn to dust.

GUIDERIUS.
Fear no more the lightning flash,

Don't fear the lightning flash,

ARVIRAGUS.
Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;

Nor the dreaded thunderbolt;

GUIDERIUS.
Fear not slander, censure rash;

Don't fear slander, or unfair criticism;

ARVIRAGUS.
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.

Joy and grief are over for you now.

BOTH.
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee and come to dust.

All young lovers, all lovers must
do the same as you and end as dust.

GUIDERIUS.
No exorciser harm thee!

May no magicianraise you!

ARVIRAGUS.
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

Nor any witchcraft charm you!

GUIDERIUS.
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

May restless ghosts leave you alone!

ARVIRAGUS.

Nothing ill come near thee!

May nothing evil come near you!

BOTH.
Quiet consummation have,
And renowned be thy grave!
Re-enter BELARIUS with the body of CLOTEN

Have a quiet rest,
and may your grave be worshipped!

GUIDERIUS.
We have done our obsequies. Come, lay him down.

We have done the funeral rites.Come, lay him down.

BELARIUS.
Here's a few flowers; but 'bout midnight, more.
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' th' night
Are strewings fit'st for graves. Upon their faces.
You were as flow'rs, now wither'd. Even so
These herblets shall which we upon you strew.
Come on, away, apart upon our knees.
The ground that gave them first has them again.
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.
Exeunt all but IMOGEN

Here are a few flowers; we'll bring more at midnight.
The herbs that have the cold dew of the night on them
are the best coverings for graves.Put them on their faces.
You were like flowers, now you're withered.It's the same
with these little herbs we shall now cover you with.
Come on, we must go, we shall kneel and pray.
The ground they came from has reclaimed them.
Their earthly pleasures are gone, and so is their pain.

IMOGEN.
[Awaking] Yes, sir, to Milford Haven. Which is the way?

I thank you. By yond bush? Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pittikins! can it be six mile yet?
I have gone all night. Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedfellow. O gods and goddesses!
[Seeing the body]
These flow'rs are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on't. I hope I dream;
For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures. But 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes
Are sometimes, like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear; but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still. Even when I wake it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man? The garments of Posthumus?
I know the shape of's leg; this is his hand,
His foot Mercurial, his Martial thigh,
The brawns of Hercules; but his Jovial face-
Murder in heaven! How! 'Tis gone. Pisanio,
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspir'd with that irregulous devil, Cloten,
Hath here cut off my lord. To write and read
Be henceforth treacherous! Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters- damn'd Pisanio-
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top. O Posthumus! alas,
Where is thy head? Where's that? Ay me! where's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on. How should this be? Pisanio?
'Tis he and Cloten; malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murd'rous to th' senses? That confirms it home.
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten. O!

Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seem to those
Which chance to find us. O, my lord, my lord!
[Falls fainting on the body]
Enter LUCIUS, CAPTAINS, and a SOOTHSAYER

Yes, sir, to Milford Haven. Which way is it?
Thank you. Past that bush? How far is it, please?
Good heavens! Can it still be six miles?
I have travelled all night. Right, I'll lie down and sleep.
But what's this! I don't want a companion. Oh gods and goddesses!
[Seeing the body]
These flowers are like the happiness of the world;
this bloody man is like the sorrow of it. I hope I'm dreaming;
for I thought that I was a cave dweller,
and a cook to honest men. But it's not so;
it was just a figment of my imagination,
something the brain makes out of the air. Our eyes
can sometimes be blind like our judgement. Good heavens,
I'm still trembling with fear: but if there is
the smallest imaginable drop of pity
left in heaven, feared gods, give me a part of it!
What I dreamt is still here: even now I'm awake it is
around me, as it was inside me: it wasn't imagination, it's real.
A headless man? In the clothes of Posthumus?
I know the shape of his leg: this is his hand:
his speedy foot: his soldier's thigh:
the muscles of Hercules: but his godlike face–
how can such a God be murdered!–Is gone. Pisanio,
all the curses that mad Hecuba laid on the Greeks,
and mine as well, may they all land on you! You
conspired with that lawless devil, Cloten,
and he's decapitated my lord. Everyone should look out
for reading and writing! Dammed Pisanio
has, with his forged letters (damned Pisanio),
chopped off the main mast of the
best ship in the world! Oh Posthumus, alas,
where is your head? Where's that? Oh no! Where's that?
Pisanio could have run you through the heart,

and left your head on. Why have you done this, Pisanio?
It's him, and Cloten: evil and greed between them
have caused this sorrow here. Oh, it's obvious, obvious!
The drug he gave me, which he said was valuable
and would do me good, haven't I found it
knocks you unconscious? That proves it all:
this was done by Pisanio and Cloten–oh!
Give my pale cheeks some colour with your blood,
so that we can seem more terrible to those
who happened to find us. Oh, my lord! My lord!

CAPTAIN.
To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea, attending
You here at Milford Haven; with your ships,
They are in readiness.

Added to them are the French legions,
which have crossed the sea according to your orders, waiting
for you here at Milford Haven; they are all ready,
so are your ships.

LUCIUS.
But what from Rome?

But what's been heard from Rome?

CAPTAIN.
The Senate hath stirr'd up the confiners
And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits,
That promise noble service; and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.

The Senate has aroused the people
and gentlemen of Italy, very willing souls,
who promised to do well; and they are coming
under the leadership of brave Iachimo,
the brother of Sienna.

LUCIUS.
When expect you them?

When do you expect them?

CAPTAIN.
With the next benefit o' th' wind.

With the next favourable wind.

LUCIUS.
This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't. Now, sir,
What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?

These preparations
make our chances look good. Order the forces we have at present
on parade; tell the captains to see to it. Now, sir,
what dreams have you had recently about the outcome of this war?

SOOTHSAYER.
Last night the very gods show'd me a vision-
I fast and pray'd for their intelligence- thus:
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams; which portends,
Unless my sins abuse my divination,
Success to th' Roman host.

Last night the true gods gave me a vision–
I fasted and prayed for their assistance-which was this:
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman Eagle, flying
from the soft south to this part of the West,
where it vanished in the sunbeams; which predicts,
unless my foresight is clouded by my sins,
that the Roman army will win.

LUCIUS.
Dream often so,
And never false. Soft, ho! what trunk is here
Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime
It was a worthy building. How? a page?
Or dead or sleeping on him? But dead, rather;
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
Let's see the boy's face.

Have this dream often,
and let it be true. Stop, what's this! What's this body
without a head? The remains show that once
it was a good man. What? A page?
Is he dead or sleeping on him? No, he's dead;
it would be unnatural to lie down
with the deceased, or to sleep on the dead.
Let me see the boy's face.

CAPTAIN.
He's alive, my lord.

He's alive, my lord.

LUCIUS.
He'll then instruct us of this body. Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for it seems
They crave to be demanded. Who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came't? Who is't? What art thou?

Then he'll tell us about this body. Young one,
tell us what's happened to you; it seems
the tale must be told. Who is this
that you're using as a bloody pillow? And who was he
that has made an unnatural alteration
to the fair sight of him? What do you have to do

with this awful business? What happened? Who is it? Who are you?

IMOGEN.
I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas!
There is no more such masters. I may wander
From east to occident; cry out for service;
Try many, all good; serve truly; never
Find such another master.

I am nothing; or if I'm not,
I'd be better off if I was. This was my master,
a very brave Briton and a good one,
that lives here killed by outlaws. Alas!
There are no masters like this left. I could wander
from East to West, crying out for a job;
I could try working for many good men; I could serve truly and
I would never find another master like this.

LUCIUS.
'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining than
Thy master in bleeding. Say his name, good friend.

Alas, good youth!
Your sorrow is just as sad to see as
the sight of your bloody master. Tell me his name, good friend.

IMOGEN.
Richard du Champ. [Aside] If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon it.- Say you, sir?

Richard du Champ.[Aside] If I lie, and do
no harm through it, I hope the gods will pardon it
if they hear.–What did you say, sir?

LUCIUS.
Thy name?

What's your name?

IMOGEN.
Fidele, sir.

Fidele, sir.

LUCIUS.
Thou dost approve thyself the very same;
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The Roman Emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee. Go with me.

You have shown that's just what you are;
your name suits your loyalty, your loyalty your name.
Will you come and serve me? I won't say
that I can be such a good master; but, I can assure you,
you will be just as loved. If I had orders from
the Roman emperor, sent to me by a consul, they wouldn't
influence me more than your own goodness. Come with me.

IMOGEN.
I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig; and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;
And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

I'll come, sir. But first, if the gods allow,
I'll hide my master away from the flies, as deep

as these rough pickaxes can dig; and when
I have covered his grave with wild wood leaves and weeds,
and said a hundred of what prayers I can,
twice over, I'll weep and sigh;
and then I'll leave his service to follow you,
if you're kind enough to welcome me.

LUCIUS.
Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee than master thee.
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties; let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave. Come, arm him. Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes.
Some falls are means the happier to arise.
Exeunt

I will, good youth;
and I'll be more of a father than a master to you.
My friends,
this boy has shown us what men should do; let us
find the prettiest flower covered spot we can,
and dig him a grave with our spears and
halberds. Give him weapons. Boy, he is
most important to you, and he shall be given
a soldier's burial. Be happy, wipe your eyes:
sometimes good can come out of evil.

SCENE III. Britain. CYMBELINE'S palace

Enter CYMBELINE, LORDS, PISANIO, and attendants

CYMBELINE.
Again! and bring me word how 'tis with her.
Exit an attendant
A fever with the absence of her son;
A madness, of which her life's in danger. Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present. It strikes me past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Go back! And bring me word of how she is.
Exit an attendant
The absence ofher son has made her ill;
it's an insanity, which threatens her life. Gods,
how much you load on me all at once! Imogen,
the thing that made me most happy, gone; my Queen
lying desperately ill, and at a time
when terrible wars are threatened; her son is gone,
whom we so needed at this time. It all hits me
too hard to hope for happiness. But as for you, fellow,
who must certainly know where she went and
pretends to be so ignorant, we'll get it out of you
with some harsh torture.

PISANIO.
Sir, my life is yours;
I humbly set it at your will; but for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your Highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

Sir, my life is yours;
you can do what you like with it; but as for my mistress,
I don't know where she is, why she left,
nor when she intends to return. I beg your Highness
to regard me as your loyal servant.

LORD.
Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here.
I dare be bound he's true and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will no doubt be found.

My good lord,
the day she went missing he was here.
I'll swear that he is loyal and will carry out
his service truly. As for Cloten,
every effort is being made to look for him,
and no doubt he will be found.

CYMBELINE.
The time is troublesome.
[To PISANIO] We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy
Does yet depend.

These are hard times.
I shall pardon you for a while; but my suspicions
remain in the balance.

LORD.
So please your Majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen by the Senate sent.

If you please, your Majesty,
the Roman legions from France

have landed on your coast, along with a force
of Roman gentlemen sent by the Senate.

CYMBELINE.
Now for the counsel of my son and queen!
I am amaz'd with matter.

Now is the time I would need the advice of my son and Queen!
I am overwhelmed by all this business.

LORD.
Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of. Come more, for more you're ready.
The want is but to put those pow'rs in motion
That long to move.

My good lord,
you have forces ready
which can match them. If more come, you're ready for more.
All that's needed is to unleash the army,
who are longing to fight.

CYMBELINE.
I thank you. Let's withdraw,
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here. Away!
Exeunt all but PISANIO

I thank you. Let's go,
and take whatever comes. I'm not afraid
of anything that comes from Italy; but
I sorrow at what is happening here. Let's go!

PISANIO.
I heard no letter from my master since
I wrote him Imogen was slain. 'Tis strange.
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise

To yield me often tidings. Neither know
What is betid to Cloten, but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work.
Wherein I am false I am honest; not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' th' King, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.
Exit

I've had no letter from my master since
I wrote to him that Imogen was killed. That's strange.
Nor have I heard from my mistress, who promised
to write to me often. Nor do I know
what has happened to Cloten, everything is
a mystery to me. The gods must still be working.
Where I am false I am honest; I am disloyal to be loyal.
The current wars shall prove I love my country,
even the King shall see it, or I'll die in the attempt.
Let all of the questions be cleared up in time,
Fortune can make strange things happen.

SCENE IV. Wales. Before the cave of BELARIUS

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS

GUIDERIUS.
The noise is round about us.

The noise is all around us.

BELARIUS.
Let us from it.

Let's get away from it.

ARVIRAGUS.
What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

What pleasure, sir, will we get from life, if we
avoid all action and adventure?

GUIDERIUS.
Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? This way the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

And what hope have we
of remaining hidden? Your way the Romans
will either kill us as Britons, or use us
as savage and unnatural rebels
for their purposes, then kill us afterwards.

BELARIUS.
Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the King's party there's no going. Newness
Of Cloten's death- we being not known, not muster'd

Among the bands-may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd, and so extort from's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death,
Drawn on with torture.

Sons,
we'll go higher in the mountains; there we'll hide.
We can't join the King's party. The recent
death of Cloten–as we are unknowns, not listed
amongst the tribes–may lead to an interrogation
as to where we have been living, and so get from us
details of what we have done, which would result in death,
brought on by torture.

GUIDERIUS.
This is, sir, a doubt
In such a time nothing becoming you
Nor satisfying us.

This faintheartedness, sir,
does not suit you at such a time,
and it does not please us.

ARVIRAGUS.
It is not likely
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

It isn't likely
that when they hear the Roman horses neighing,
see the fires of their camps, have both their eyes
and ears filled with such important matters,
that they will waste their time on looking at us,
asking where we're from.

BELARIUS.

O, I am known
Of many in the army. Many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the King
Hath not deserv'd my service nor your loves,
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Oh, I am known
to many in the Army. Although Cloten
was only young when I last saw him, you saw
that I still recognised him. And, besides, the King
hasn't earned my service nor your love,
who have had such a hard upbringing due to my exile,
with nothing but a hard life ahead; you will not
have a chance of fulfilling your childhood promise,
but will stay as sunburnt children and
shivering slaves in the winter.

GUIDERIUS.
Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to th' army.
I and my brother are not known; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be questioned.

It would be better
to be dead than that. Please, Sir, let's go to the army.
My brother and I are unknown; you yourself
have been gone so long that you've been quite forgotten,
you won't be questioned.

ARVIRAGUS.
By this sun that shines,
I'll thither. What thing is't that I never
Did see man die! scarce ever look'd on blood

But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison!
Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel! I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

I swear by this sun,
I'll go there. Imagine, I have never
seen a man die! I hardly ever seen blood
except for that of running hares, lusty goats, and deer!
I've never sat on a horse, apart from one that had
a rider like myself, who never wore spurs
or armour! I am ashamed
to look at the holy sun, to have
the benefit of his blessed beams, having been
so insignificant for so long.

GUIDERIUS.
By heavens, I'll go!
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans!

By God, I'll go!
If you will bless me, sir, and give me permission,
I'll be happier; but if you will not,
may the risks that will bring fall on me
at the hands of the Romans!

ARVIRAGUS.
So say I, amen.

I completely agree.

BELARIUS.
No reason I, since of your lives you set

So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys!
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie.
Lead, lead. [Aside] The time seems long; their blood thinks
scorn
Till it fly out and show them princes born.
Exeunt

There's no reason for me, since you value your lives
so little, to set a higher price
on my old one. Come on then, boys!
If you happen to die in your country's wars,
then I will choose the same fate.
Lead on.[Aside] The time has come; they won't settle
until they have fought in battle and prove themselves to be princes.

Act V

SCENE I. Britain. The Roman camp

Enter POSTHUMUS alone, with a bloody handkerchief

POSTHUMUS.
Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For wrying but a little! O Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands;
No bond but to do just ones. Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this; so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck
Me, wretch more worth your vengeance. But alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more. You some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the doer's thrift.
But Imogen is your own. Do your best wills,
And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither
Among th' Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom. 'Tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Britain peasant. So I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is every breath a death. And thus unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me than my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o' th' Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' th' world, I will begin
The fashion- less without and more within.
Exit

Yes, bloody cloth, I'll keep you; for I wanted
you to be coloured like this. You married ones,
if each of you followed this path, how many
would murder wives much better than themselves
for straying just a little! Oh Pisanio!
A good servant should not follow all orders;
you are only obliged to do the just ones. Gods! If you
would have punished my thoughts, I never
would have lived to start this; then you would have saved
the noble Imogen to repent what she had done, and hit
me, a wretch more deserving of punishment. But alas,
you take the lives of some for small offences; that's out of love,
so they can fall no further. Others you allow
to pile sin upon sin, each one getting worse,
until in the end they despise it, to their benefit.
But now you have Imogen. Do what you think is best,
and give me the privilege of obeying. I have come here
with the Italian noblemen, to fight
against my lady's kingdom. Britain, it's enough
that I have killed your mistress; peace!
I'll do you no harm. Therefore, good heavens,
listen patiently to my plan. I'll take off
these Italian clothes, and dress myself
as a British peasant. So I will fight
against the ones I came with; that way I'll die
for you, oh Imogen, who has made my life
a living death. And so disguised,
neither pitied nor hated, I'll throw myself
into the face of danger. Let me show men
more bravery than my clothes would make them expect.
Gods, put the strength of the Leonati in me!
I'll begin to shame the opinions of the world,
showing a brave heart can beat under shabby clothes.

SCENE II. Britain. A field of battle between the British and Roman camps

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman army at one door, and the British army at another, LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Alarums. Then enter again, in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS. He vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him

IACHIMO.
The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood. I have belied a lady,
The Princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours borne
As I wear mine are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is that we scarce are men, and you are gods.
Exit
The battle continues; the BRITONS fly; CYMBELINE is taken.
Then enter to his rescue BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS

The sorrow and guilt within my heart
quite unmans me. I have betrayed a lady,
the Princess of this country, and the country's air
has made me weak in revenge; otherwise how could this peasant,
one of nature's lowest things, have beaten me
in my own profession? Knighthoods and medals such as
I wear are just mockeries.
If your noblemen, Britain, are as for above
this lout as he is above our lords, it must be
that we are hardly men, and you are gods.

BELARIUS.
Stand, stand! We have th' advantage of the ground;
The lane is guarded; nothing routs us but
The villainy of our fears.

Stand, stand! We hold the best position;

the road is guarded; nothing can beat us except
giving in to our own fears.

GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS.
Stand, stand, and fight!
Re-enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons; they rescue
CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then re-enter LUCIUS and IACHIMO,
with IMOGEN

Stand, stand and fight!

LUCIUS.
Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hoodwink'd.

Get away, boy, from the troops, and save yourself;
friends are killing friends, there's such chaos it's as if
war was blindfolded.

IACHIMO.
'Tis their fresh supplies.

Here come their reinforcements.

LUCIUS.
It is a day turn'd strangely; or betimes
Let's reinforce or fly.
Exeunt

The battle has turned strangely; we must either
renew the attack or flee.

SCENE III. Another part of the field

Enter POSTHUMUS and a Britain LORD

LORD.
Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Have you come from where they made their stand?

POSTHUMUS.
I did:
Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

I did:
though you, it seems, come from those who fled.

LORD.
I did.

I did.

POSTHUMUS.
No blame be to you, sir, for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought. The King himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, an flying,
Through a strait lane- the enemy, full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaught'ring, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear, that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with length'ned shame.

I don't blame you, sir, for all was lost,
but the gods fought for us. The King himself
had lost both wings, the army was broken,
and all that could be seen of Britons was their backs
as they ran away down a straight road–the enemy, brave,

were panting with so much slaughter, having more
to do than they had tools to do it, they struck some
down dead, some are just wounded, some died
just through fear, so that the straight road was blocked
with dead men wounded from behind, and cowards
who live to die in shame.

LORD.
Where was this lane?

Where was this road?

POSTHUMUS.
Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf,
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier-
An honest one, I warrant, who deserv'd
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's country. Athwart the lane
He, with two striplings- lads more like to run
The country base than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd or shame-
Made good the passage, cried to those that fled
'Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men.
To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans and will give you that,
Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save
But to look back in frown. Stand, stand!' These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many-
For three performers are the file when all
The rest do nothing- with this word 'Stand, stand!'
Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleness, which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks,
Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some turn'd coward
But by example- O, a sin in war
Damn'd in the first beginners!- gan to look
The way that they did and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' th' hunters. Then began

A stop i' th' chaser, a retire; anon
A rout, confusion thick. Forthwith they fly,
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
The strides they victors made; and now our cowards,
Like fragments in hard voyages, became
The life o' th' need. Having found the back-door open
Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they wound!
Some slain before, some dying, some their friends
O'erborne i' th' former wave. Ten chas'd by one
Are now each one the slaughterman of twenty.
Those that would die or ere resist are grown
The mortal bugs o' th' field.

Close to the battle, sunken and lined with turf,
which gave a good position for an ancient soldier–
a good one, I think, who deserved
a life as long as his white beard showed he had had,
for his actions for his country. Across the lane
he, with two boys–lads more likely to play
children's games than to commit such slaughter;
their faces were as lovely as those of ladies, in fact better,
who wear masks to preserve their skin or for modesty–
secured the road, crying to those that ran,
'The deer of Britain die running away, not our men.
The souls that run away will fly to hell! Stand;
or we will become Romans and give you that
which you run away from like animals; you can avoid that
if you just turn around and show defiance. Stand, stand!' These three,
as brave as three thousand, worth as many in action–
for three men formed the whole army while all
the rest did nothing–calling 'stand, stand!'
more by virtue of their own nobleness than
their situation, could have turned
a woman into a soldier, brought blood back to the cheeks.
Partly from shame, partly from renewed spirits, some who had
been cowardly just by copying others–a sin for which
even novices in war are condemned!–began to copy
their behaviour and to snarl like lions
faced with the spears of the hunters. Then

the retreat came to a halt; soon
there was a rout, with great confusion. The ones
who had attacked like eagles now fled like chickens:
they had walked like victors and now were slaves: and now
our cowards, like scraps of food on long voyages
began to save lives: having found the back door
of their enemies unguarded, heavens, how they wounded them!
Some who seemed dead before, some who seemed wounded, some
who abandoned their friends in the previous attack, ten running away from one,
now each one was the slaughterman of twenty:
those who were going to die or run away, became
the mortal terrors of the battle.

LORD.
This was strange chance:
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys.

This was a strange business:
a narrow lane, an old man, and two boys.

POSTHUMUS.
Nay, do not wonder at it; you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
And vent it for a mock'ry? Here is one:
'Two boys, an old man (twice a boy), a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.'

No, don't be amazed; you are the type
who is amazed by miracles you hear about
rather than performing any.Will you make a song of it,
and sing it in fun?Here's one:
'Two boys, an old man (twice a boy), a lane,
saved the Britons, were the Roman's bane.'

LORD.
Nay, be not angry, sir.

No, do not be angry, sir.

POSTHUMUS.
'Lack, to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe I'll be his friend;
For if he'll do as he is made to do,
I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

Alas, why would I be?
Someone who flees the enemy is friend to me;
for if he acts as nature intended,
I know he'll soon leave me unfriended.
You have set me off rhyming.

LORD.
Farewell; you're angry.
Exit

Farewell; you're angry.

POSTHUMUS.
Still going? This is a lord! O noble misery,
To be i' th' field and ask 'What news?' of me!
To-day how many would have given their honours
To have sav'd their carcasses! took heel to do't,
And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he struck. Being an ugly monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath moe ministers than we
That draw his knives i' th' war. Well, I will find him;
For being now a favourer to the Briton,
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by th' Roman; great the answer be
Britons must take. For me, my ransom's death;
On either side I come to spend my breath,

Which neither here I'll keep nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.
Enter two BRITISH CAPTAINS and soldiers

Still running? What a lord this is! What shame,
to be on the battlefield but have to ask me what happened!
How many today tried to sacrifice their honour
to save their skins! They fled to try it,
but they still died! I, lucky in my own sorrow,
couldn't find death where I heard his groans,
nor feel him where he struck others. Being an ugly monster,
it's strange that he should hide in fresh cups, soft beds,
sweet words; and that there are others who serve him apart
from we who draw our knives in war. Well, I will find him;
having fought for the Britons,
I'm a Briton no more, I've put the clothes I came in
back on. I shall fight no more,
but surrender to the weakest man who lays
his hand on my shoulder. The Romans have made
a great slaughter here; the Britons must take
great revenge. I want to pay the price of death;
I'll die here for either side,
I won't save my life or carry it away,
I'll die as payment for Imogen.

FIRST CAPTAIN.
Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken.
'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.

Great Jupiter be praised! Lucius has been captured.
It's thought the old man and his sons were angels.

SECOND CAPTAIN.
There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave th' affront with them.

There was a fourth man, in peasant's clothes,
who stood with them.

FIRST CAPTAIN.
So 'tis reported;
But none of 'em can be found. Stand! who's there?

So it's said;
but none of them can be found.Stop!Who goes there?

POSTHUMUS.
A Roman,
Who had not now been drooping here if seconds
Had answer'd him.

A Roman, who wouldn't be slumped here if his supporters
had done as he said.

SECOND CAPTAIN.
Lay hands on him; a dog,
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here. He brags his service,
As if he were of note. Bring him to th' King.
Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman captives. The CAPTAINS present POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE, who delivers him over to a gaoler. Exeunt omnes

Seize him; a dog,
not even a leg of one, of Rome shall not return
to tell them how their army was routed.He talks as if
he's an important person.Bring him to the King.

SCENE IV. Britain. A prison

Enter POSTHUMUS and two GAOLERS

FIRST GAOLER.
You shall not now be stol'n, you have locks upon
you;
So graze as you find pasture.

You can't be stolen now you've been chained,
so eat what you can find.

SECOND GAOLER.
Ay, or a stomach.
Exeunt GAOLERS

Yes, if you've a stomach for it.

POSTHUMUS.
Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty. Yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' th' gout, since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity than be cur'd
By th' sure physician death, who is the key
T' unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks and wrists; you good gods, give me
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is't enough I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent,
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd more than constrain'd. To satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me than my all.
I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my desire.
For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though

'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it.
'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake;
You rather mine, being yours. And so, great pow'rs,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
I'll speak to thee in silence. [Sleeps]
Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, father to POSTHUMUS, an old man attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his WIFE, and mother to POSTHUMUS, with music before them. Then, after other music, follows the two young LEONATI, brothers to POSTHUMUS, with wounds, as they died in the wars.
They circle POSTHUMUS round as he lies sleeping

You chains are most welcome!You are my path,
I think, to freedom.I am better off
than someone sick with gout, since he
will groan in pain forever without being cured
by the great doctor, death, who is the one
who will free me from these chains.My conscience
is more in chains than my arms and legs; you good gods,
give me death as the key to ease that pain,
then I can be free forever!Is it enough to say I'm sorry?
That's the way children appease their earthly fathers.
Gods are more merciful.If I must repent,
I can't do it better than by accepting these
chains, which are more welcome than a punishment.
If I can choose the way I make my payment,
take nothing more from me than my life.
I know you are kinder than vile men,
who take a third, a sixth, a tenth from their
poor debtors, letting them live again
when they've paid; that's not what I want.
Take my life in payment for Imogen's dear one; and though
it's not worth as much, it's still a life; you made it.
Not every man is made worth the same;
though I'm not much, take me as a man;

more so as you made me.And so, great powers,
if you accept my deal, take my life,
and throw off these cold chains.Oh Imogen!
I'll commune with you in silence.

SICILIUS.
No more, thou thunder-master, show
Thy spite on mortal flies.
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I died whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending nature's law;
Whose father then, as men report
Thou orphans' father art,
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

You master of the thunder, no longer
take out your anger on lowly mortals.
Leave Mars, reprove Juno,
so your interventions
put a stop to the slaughter.
Has my poor boy, whose
face I never saw, done anything but good?
I died while he was in the womb,
waiting for the end of his term;
men say that you are
the father to orphans,
and you should have been a father to him,
and protected him from this terrible injury.

MOTHER.
Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes,
That from me was Posthumus ripp'd,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,

A thing of pity.

Lucina did not help me,
but took me in my labour,
so that Posthumus was torn from me,
crying amongst his enemies,
a thing of pity.

SICILIUS.
Great Nature like his ancestry
Moulded the stuff so fair
That he deserv'd the praise o' th' world
As great Sicilius' heir.

Great nature shaped him so well,
copying his ancestors,
that he deserved to be praised by the world
as the heir of great Sicilius.

FIRST BROTHER.
When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel,
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Once he became a man,
who was there in Britain
that could be called his equal,
or be as desirable
in Imogen's eyes,
who could match him?

MOTHER.
With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd and thrown
From Leonati seat and cast
From her his dearest one,

Sweet Imogen?

Why was he treated so badly in his marriage,
exiled and thrown out
from the home of the Leonati
and taken away from his dear love,
sweet Imogen.

SICILIUS.
Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy,
And to become the geck and scorn
O' th' other's villainy?

Why did you allow Iachimo,
an insignificant Italian,
to stain his nobler heart and mind
with needless jealousy,
making him the dupe and mockery
of the other's villainy?

SECOND BROTHER.
For this from stiller seats we came,
Our parents and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely and were slain,
Our fealty and Tenantius' right
With honour to maintain.

We came from quieter places for this,
our parents and we two,
who, fighting for our country,
fell and were killed nobly,
to uphold with honour
our loyalty and Tenatius' rights.

FIRST BROTHER.

Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd.
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Posthumus has done similar
service for Cymbeline.
So, Jupiter, you king of gods,
why have you witheld
the rewards his merits deserve,
giving nothing but sorrow?

SICILIUS.
Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise
Upon a valiant race thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Look down from your home in the sky;
stop inflicting these harsh
and powerful injuries
upon a brave race.

MOTHER.
Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Jupiter, as our son is good,
end his misery.

SICILIUS.
Peep through thy marble mansion. Help!
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To th' shining synod of the rest
Against thy deity.

Look down from the clouds.Help!

or we poor ghosts will call out
to all the shining host,
against your godliness.

BROTHERS.
Help, Jupiter! or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

Help, Jupiter!Or we will rebel
and fly from your justice.

JUPITER
descends-in thunder and lightning, sitting
upon an eagle. He throws a thunderbolt. The GHOSTS
fall on their knees
JUPITER.
No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush! How dare you ghosts
Accuse the Thunderer whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flow'rs.
Be not with mortal accidents opprest:
No care of yours it is; you know 'tis ours.
Whom best I love I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift;
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married. Rise and fade!
He shall be lord of Lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
And so, away; no farther with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.
[Ascends]

You lowly mortals, stop
offending my hearing; hush!How dare you ghosts
accuse the Thunderer, whose bolts, you know,
crash from the sky and batter all rebels?
Poor shades from Elysium, go away and rest
on your banks of eternal flowers.
Don't get involved with the affairs of men,
which are none of your concern; you know they're mine.
I cause pain to the ones I love best, so that they will
enjoy my gifts all the more.Be happy;
your reduced son will be lifted up by my godliness;
his happiness is coming, his trials are over.
The star of Jupiter ruled over his birth, and
he was married in my temple.Rise and fall!
He shall be Lady Imogen's husband,
and be much happier due to his suffering.
Place this tablet on his breast, which
details the great good fortune I am giving him;
and so, go; don't express your discontent
any longer, in case you stir up mine.
Climb, eagle, up to my palace in the sky.

SICILIUS.
He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulpherous to smell; the holy eagle
Stoop'd as to foot us. His ascension is
More sweet than our blest fields. His royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.

He came with thunder; his heavenly breath
smelt of sulphur; the holy eagle swooped
as if it was going to seize us.His climbing away
is even sweeter than our blessed fields.His royal bird
folds his immortal wings and tucks away his beak,
showing his god is happy.

ALL.
Thanks, Jupiter!

Our thanks, Jupiter!

SICILIUS.
The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof. Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.

[GHOSTS vanish]

The clouds close, he has gone
back into heaven.Let's go!And, to have his blessing,
let's follow his great orders to the letter.

POSTHUMUS.
[Waking] Sleep, thou has been a grandsire and begot
A father to me; and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers. But, O scorn,
Gone! They went hence so soon as they were born.
And so I am awake. Poor wretches, that depend
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;
Wake and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve;
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers. Let thy effects
So follow to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.
[Reads] 'When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown,
without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender
air;
and when from a stately cedar shall be lopp'd branches which,
being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the
old
stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his
miseries,
Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.'

'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not; either both or nothing,
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.
Re-enter GAOLER

Sleep, you have been a grandfather to me and conceived
a father for me; and you created
a mother and two brothers.But, a mockery,
gone!They disappeared as quickly as they came;
and now I am awake.Poor wretches, who depend
on the favour of the great, dream as I have;
then they wake and find nothing.But alas, I'm wandering;
many don't dream to find , and don't deserve,
but still get, great favours, and I'm one of them,
who has this golden chance and doesn't know why.
What fairies haunt this place?A book?What a beautiful one!
Don't be, as it is in our foppish world, better outside
than in.Let you what you have to say
be very unlike our courtiers,
and actually live up to your external promise.

'When the child of a lion shall find without seeking,
unbeknownst to himself, and be embraced by a piece of tender air;
and when from a great cedar tree branches are lopped which,
having been dead for many years, will afterwards revive, be grafted
onto the old tree, and grow afresh; then the misery of Posthumus will end,
and Britain shall be lucky and flourish with peace and prosperity.'

It's still a dream, or the sort of thing madmen
say without thinking; it's either both or nothing,
speech without sense, or speech that sense
can't understand.Whatever it is,
it seems to follow my life, and I'll keep it,
if only out of sympathy.

GAOLER.

Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Come, sir, are you ready for death?

POSTHUMUS.
Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

Rather overdone; I was ready long ago.

GAOLER.
Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready for that, you
are
well cook'd.

*You are to be hung, they say, sir; if you are ready for that,
you are well done.*

POSTHUMUS.
So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the
dish
pays the shot.

*As long as I give the spectators a good meal,
the meat pays for itself.*

GAOLER.
A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the comfort is, you
shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern
bills,
which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of
mirth.
You come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too
much
drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you
are
paid too much; purse and brain both empty; the brain the
heavier
for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of
heaviness. O, of this contradiction you shall now be quit. O,

the
charity of a penny cord! It sums up thousands in a trice. You
have no true debitor and creditor but it; of what's past, is,
and
to come, the discharge. Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and
counters; so the acquittance follows.

It's a heavy price for you to pay, sir.But the good thing is,
you will never be asked to pay again, you won't have to fear tavern bills,
which often cause sadness on parting, after you've had your fun;
you come in faint with hunger, and leave reeling with too much drink;
sorry that you have paid so much and sorry that you've had too much;
your brain and purse are both empty; the brain is heavier
for being too light, and the purse is too light, having lost its heaviness.
You won't have to face this contradiction any more.
Oh, the charity of a cheap rope!It settles thousands of bills in an instant.
You have no real debtor or creditor except for it; what's past
and what is to come, it pays for all.Your neck sir, is the pen, the ledger
and the counters; after it's paid, everything is settled.

POSTHUMUS.
I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

It seems I'm happier to die than you are to live.

GAOLER.
Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache.
But a
man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him
to
bed, I think he would change places with his officer; for
look
you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Indeed, sir, the one who sleeps doesn't feel the toothache.
But if a man was to sleep the sleep you're going to, with a hangman
to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his helper;
for look, sir, you don't know where you're going.

POSTHUMUS.
Yes indeed do I, fellow.

Actually I certainly do, fellow.

GAOLER.
Your death has eyes in's head, then; I have not seen
him so
pictur'd. You must either be directed by some that take upon
them
to know, or to take upon yourself that which I am sure you do
not
know, or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril. And how
you
shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never
return to
tell one.

Your death has eyes in its head, then; I've never seen him pictured
like that.You must have either been told something by those in the know,
or think you know something which I'm sure you don't,
or you're trying not to think of what might be coming after.And how
you'll get to your journey's end, I don't think you'll ever
Come back to tell us.

POSTHUMUS.
I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to
direct
them the way I am going, but such as wink and will not use
them.

I tell you, fellow, there's nobody who's so blind about the way I'm going
as those who have eyes and don't use them.

GAOLER.
What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have
the
best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure
hanging's

the way of winking.
Enter a MESSENGER

What a great joke this is, that a man should use his eyes best to see like a blind man!I'm sure hanging will make you blind.

MESSENGER.
Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the King.

Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the King.

POSTHUMUS.
Thou bring'st good news: I am call'd to be made free.

You've brought good news: they're calling me to set me free.

GAOLER.
I'll be hang'd then.

Well I'll be hanged.

POSTHUMUS.
Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead.
Exeunt POSTHUMUS and MESSENGER

Then you would be freer than a jailer: there are no bolts that can restrain ghosts.

GAOLER.
Unless a man would marry a gallows and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman; and there be some of them too that die against their wills; so should I, if I

were
one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good. O,
there
were desolation of gaolers and gallowses! I speak against my
present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't.
Exit

Unless a man married a gallows and fathered nooses,
I never saw anyone so eager.But I must say, there are
worse scoundrels who want to live, for all that he's a Roman; and some of them
die against their will; I would too, if I were one.
I wish we all thought the same, and all thought good thoughts.
Oh, I wish there were a famine of jailers and gallows!I speak against
my immediate gain, but I hope it comes true and I would get a better job.

SCENE V. Britain. CYMBELINE'S tent

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, LORDS, OFFICERS, and attendants

CYMBELINE.
Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart
That the poor soldier that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targes of proof, cannot be found.
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made
saviours of my throne.I am very sad
that the poor soldier who fought so well,
whose rags covered strong arms, whose armourless chest
was greater than tested shields, cannot be found.
Whoever finds him will be happy,
if it's in my power to make him so.

BELARIUS.
I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.

I never saw
such noble courage from such a lowly man;
such amazing deeds from one who
looked so poor and beggarly.

CYMBELINE.
No tidings of him?

Is there no news of him?

PISANIO.

He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

They have looked for him amongst the living and the dead,
but there's no trace of him.

CYMBELINE.
To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; [To BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS]which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain, of Britain,
By whom I grant she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are. Report it.

To my sorrow, I am the one
who benefits from his deeds;
and I include you in this prize,
the liver, heart and brain of Britain,
and I say she lives because of you.Now's the time
to ask where you came from.Tell us.

BELARIUS.
Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen;
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add we are honest.

Sir,
We come from Wales, and are gentlemen;
to boast any more would either be false or immodest,
unless I add that we are honest.

CYMBELINE.
Bow your knees,
Arise my knights o' th' battle; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.
Enter CORNELIUS and LADIES
There's business in these faces. Why so sadly

Greet you our victory? You look like Romans,
And not o' th' court of Britain.

Bow your knees,
and rise the knights of the battlefield; I appoint you
to be my companions, and will give you
privileges fitting your positions.

Enter Cornelius and ladies

There's something going on, to judge from these faces.Why
are you so sad at our victory?You look as if you were Romans,
and not members of the British court.

CORNELIUS.
Hail, great King!
To sour your happiness I must report
The Queen is dead.

Hail, great King!
To spoil your happiness I must tell you
that the Queen is dead.

CYMBELINE.
Who worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider
By med'cine'life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too. How ended she?

Who is worse than a doctor,
to give this report?But I think
that life can be prolonged with medicine, but death
will get the doctor as well.How did she die?

CORNELIUS.
With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd
I will report, so please you; these her women

Can trip me if I err, who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.

Horribly, dying madly, as she lived;
She was cruel to the world, and in the end
was cruel to herself.If you please, I'll tell
you what she confessed; these women of hers
can correct me if I go wrong, they were there,
weeping, when she met her end.

CYMBELINE.
Prithee say.

Please tell me.

CORNELIUS.
First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you;
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhorr'd your person.

Firstly, she admitted she never loved you; she only
liked the greatness she could get through you, not you;
she married your royalty, she was a wife to your position;
she hated you as a person.

CYMBELINE.
She alone knew this;
And but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

She was the only one who knew this;
if she hadn't said it as she died, I wouldn't
believe that she had said it.Carry on.

CORNELIUS.
Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,

But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Your daughter, whom she took in hand and pretended
to love so deeply, she admitted
was like a scorpion to her; it was only
her flight which stopped her taking
her life with poison.

CYMBELINE.
O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman? Is there more?

The dainty devil!
Can anyone understand women?Is there more?

CORNELIUS.
More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral, which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and ling'ring,
By inches waste you. In which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show; and in time,
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her son into th' adoption of the crown;
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate, open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes, repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so,
Despairing, died.

More, sir, and worse.She confessed she had
a lethal chemical for you which, when you took it,
would take your life minute by minute, and you would hang on,
wasting by inches.At that time she intended,
through vigils, weeping, tenderness and kissing, to
overcome any suspicions; and in time,
when she had worked her efforts on you, she would
have persuaded you to resign the crown to her son;

but as she couldn't achieve this due to his mysterious absence,
she became shameless and desperate, and despite
heaven and men listening she admitted her plans,
regretted that the evils she had plotted hadn't happened, and,
in despair, she died.

CYMBELINE.
Heard you all this, her women?

Did you hear all this, you women?

LADY.
We did, so please your Highness.

If you please, your highness, we did.

CYMBELINE.
Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart
That thought her like her seeming. It had been vicious
To have mistrusted her; yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!
Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the SOOTHSAYER, and other
Roman prisoners, guarded; POSTHUMUS behind, and IMOGEN
Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one, whose kinsmen have made suit
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted;
So think of your estate.

My eyes
were not at fault, for she was beautiful;
My ears were, that listened to her flattery; and my heart
that thought she was what she appeared to be.I would
have been vicious to have mistrusted her; but, oh my daughter!
You can tell me I was stupid,

and show you felt it.May heaven mend everything!

You haven't come for tribute now, Caius; the
Britons have put a stop to that, though with the loss
of many brave men, whose kinsmen have asked
that their good souls may be revenged by the slaughter
of you, our prisoners, and I have agreed to this;
so prepare your souls.

LUCIUS.
Consider, sir, the chance of war. The day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come. Sufficeth
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer.
Augustus lives to think on't; and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat: my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd. Never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like; let his virtue join
With my request, which I'll make bold your Highness
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm
Though he have serv'd a Roman. Save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Think, sir, about the luck of war.You won
the day by chance; if we had won,
we should not, in cold blood, have threatened
our prisoners with the sword.But since the gods
insist on this, that nothing but our lives
will pay the price, let it happen.A Roman
with a Roman's heart can endure this.
Augustus is alive to consider it, and that's enough
for me.I will just ask one thing; please ransom
my boy, who was born British.No master ever had

such a kind page, so dutiful, hardworking,
so careful over his duties, honest,
loyal, nurturing; add his virtue to my request,
which I'll be so bold as to say your Highness
can't deny.He has done no harm to any Briton,
although he has served a Roman.Save him, sir,
and you can kill the rest.

CYMBELINE.
I have surely seen him;
His favour is familiar to me. Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, wherefore
To say 'Live, boy.' Ne'er thank thy master. Live;
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

I'm sure I've seen him;
his face is familiar to me.Boy,
your looks have inspired my forgiveness,
which belongs to me.I don't know why
I say, 'Live, boy.' You don't need to thank your master.Live;
and ask Cymbeline for any favour you want,
if it's suitable for me to give and you to receive, I'll give it;
even if you ask for the life of the noblest
prisoner we have captured.

IMOGEN.
I humbly thank your Highness.

I humbly thank your highness.

LUCIUS.
I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.

I won't tell you to ask for me to be spared, good lad,

although I know you will.

IMOGEN.
No, no! Alack,
There's other work in hand. I see a thing
Bitter to me as death; your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

No, no!Alas,
I have other things to think of.I can see a thing
as bitter to me as death; your life, good master,
must fend for itself.

LUCIUS.
The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me. Briefly die their joys
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
Why stands he so perplex'd?

The boy rejects me,
he leaves me, he spurns me.They will soon lose their happiness
who rely on the loyalty of girls and boys.
Why is he so confused?

CYMBELINE.
What wouldst thou, boy?
I love thee more and more; think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? Speak,
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

What do you want, boy?
I love you more and more;think more and more
what the best thing to ask is.Do you know the one you're looking at?Say,
do you want him to live?Is he your family?Your friend?

IMOGEN.
He is a Roman, no more kin to me
Than I to your Highness; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.

He is a Roman, no more related to me
than I am to your Highness; as I was born your subject
I am actually closer to you.

CYMBELINE.
Wherefore ey'st him so?

Why are you eying him like that?

IMOGEN.
I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you'd be kind enough
to listen to me.

CYMBELINE.
Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Certainly, and I'll give you my best
attention. What's your name?

IMOGEN.
Fidele, sir.

Fidele, sir.

CYMBELINE.
Thou'rt my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master. Walk with me; speak freely.
[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart]

You are my good boy, my page;
I'll be your master. Walk with me, say what you want.

BELARIUS.
Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Hasn't this boy come back from the dead?

ARVIRAGUS.
One sand another
Not more resembles- that sweet rosy lad
Who died and was Fidele. What think you?

They're as alike as two
grains of sand - that sweet rosy lad who died
and was Fidele.What do you think?

GUIDERIUS.
The same dead thing alive.

The same thing that was dead is alive.

BELARIUS.
Peace, peace! see further. He eyes us not; forbear.
Creatures may be alike; were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Be quiet!Think about it, he doesn't look at us.Stop it.
Men can look the same; if it was him, I am sure
he would have spoken to us.

GUIDERIUS.
But we saw him dead.

But we saw him dead.

BELARIUS.
Be silent; let's see further.

Be quiet; let's see what develops.

PISANIO.
[Aside] It is my mistress.
Since she is living, let the time run on

To good or bad. [CYMBELINE and IMOGEN advance]

It is my mistress.
Since she is alive, let time run on,
to good or bad.

CYMBELINE.
Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud. [To IACHIMO] Sir, step you forth;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely,
Or, by our greatness and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood. On, speak to him.

Come and stand by my side;
speak your demand out loud.[To Iachimo] Sir, step forward;
answer this boy, and do so fully,
or I swear by my greatness and the grace of it,
which is my honour, bitter torture will
get the truth out of you.Go on, speak to him.

IMOGEN.
My boon is that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

My request is that this gentleman tells me
where he got this ring from.

POSTHUMUS.
[Aside] What's that to him?

Why does he care?

CYMBELINE.
That diamond upon your finger, say
How came it yours?

That diamond on your finger, how
did you come by it?

IACHIMO.
Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which to be spoke would torture thee.

You would torture me to stop me saying
something that it would torture you to hear.

CYMBELINE.
How? me?

What?Me?

IACHIMO.
I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
Which torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel,
Whom thou didst banish; and- which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me- a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

I am glad to be forced to say something
which it torments me to conceal.I got this ring
through villainy; it belonged to Leonatus,
whom you exiled; and - which may grieve you more,
as it does me, a nobler gentleman never
lived on earth.Do you want to hear more, my lord?

CYMBELINE.
All that belongs to this.

Everything about it.

IACHIMO.
That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood and my false spirits
Quail to remember- Give me leave, I faint.

That perfect girl, your daughter,

the thought of whom makes my heart bleed and my false spirits
quiver to remember - excuse me, I'm faint.

CYMBELINE.
My daughter? What of her? Renew thy strength;
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will
Than die ere I hear more. Strive, man, and speak.

My daughter?What about her?Pull yourself together;
I would rather you lived forever rather than
die before I hear more.Try, man, speak.

IACHIMO.
Upon a time- unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!- was in Rome- accurs'd
The mansion where!- 'twas at a feast- O, would
Our viands had been poison'd, or at least
Those which I heav'd to head!- the good Posthumus-
What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones- sitting sadly
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak; for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides that hook of wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye-

Once upon a time - what an unhappy time it was!-
I was in Rome - curse the mansion I was in!- at a feast -
oh, I wish our food had been poisoned, or at least
the ones I ate! - the good Posthumus -
what should I say?He was too good to be
where bad men were, and was the very best
of the best - sat sadly
hearing us praise our Italian mistresses
for a beauty which could completely

outstrip that of his; for looks better
than the statues of Venus of straight backed Minerva,
holding themselves like goddesses; their personalities
a compendium of all the qualities that men
love women for; besides that wifely winning quality,
beauty which strikes the eye -

CYMBELINE.
I stand on fire.
Come to the matter.

I'm on fire.
Get to the point.

IACHIMO.
All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This Posthumus,
Most like a noble lord in love and one
That had a royal lover, took his hint;
And not dispraising whom we prais'd- therein
He was as calm as virtue- he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

I shall, all too soon,
unless you want to grieve at once.This Posthumus,
who was very like a noble lord in love and one
who had a royal lover, took his cue;
he didn't criticise those we praised - he was
as calm as he was virtuous - he began
to describe his mistress; when he'd described her,
and then said what her mind was like, it seemed our boasts
were about kitchen sluts, or else his description
showed we were drunken idiots who couldn't describe anything.

CYMBELINE.
Nay, nay, to th' purpose.

Come on, to the point.

IACHIMO.
Your daughter's chastity- there it begins.
He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams
And she alone were cold; whereat I, wretch,
Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of's bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phoebus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of's car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design. Well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd
That I return'd with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet-
O cunning, how I got it!- nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon-
Methinks I see him now-

Your daughter's chastity - that's where it starts.
He spoke of her as if Diana was lusty and only she was pure; so I, wretch,
doubted his praise, and bet him

pieces of gold against this ring which he was then wearing
on his honoured finger that I could get myself
into her bed, and win this ring
through her adultery and mine.He, true knight,
no less confident that she would as true as
I did in fact find her, bet this ring;
and he would have done so, if it had come
from the wheel of the sun's chariot, and he could have done it safely
if it had been worth the whole chariot.So I came to
Britain with this plan.You might well, sir,
remember me at the court, where I was taught
the great difference between love and villainy
by your pure daughter.Having my hopes
crushed, not my longing, my Italian brain
started, in your duller Britain, to work
most evilly; my plan worked brilliantly,
and to be brief, I was so successful
that I returned with such apparently strong evidence
that it made the noble Leonatus mad,
by damaging his belief in her purity,
with various sorts of tokens; telling him about
her bedroom tapestries, the pictures, this bracelet of hers -
how cunningly I got it!- even some secret marks
on her body, so he couldn't help
but believe that her promise of chastity was broken,
with me winning the bet.And so -
I think I can see him now -

POSTHUMUS.
[Coming forward] Ay, so thou dost,
Italian fiend! Ay me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, anything
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come! O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, King, send out
For torturers ingenious. It is I
That all th' abhorred things o' th' earth amend
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter; villain-like, I lie-

That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't. The temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' th' street to bay me. Every villain
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus, and
Be villainy less than 'twas! O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Yes, so you do,
Italian devil!Alas, I am a credulous fool,
I am a terrible murderer, thief, anything
which all the villains of the past were called,
all those living now, all the ones to come!Give me a noose, a knife, poison,
some honest judge!You, king, send out
for inventive torturers.It is I
who makes all the most horrible things on earth seem better
by being worse than them.I am Posthumus,
who killed your daughter; like a villain, I'm lying -
I caused a lesser villain than myself,
a blasphemous thief, to do it.She was
a temple of virtue, yes, her alone.
Spit on me, throw stones, throw mud at me,
set the dogs on me in the street.Let every villain
be called Posthumus Leonatus, and
let villainy be less than it was!Oh Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife!Oh Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

IMOGEN.
Peace, my lord. Hear, hear!

Peace my lord.Listen, listen!

POSTHUMUS.
Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
There lies thy part. [Strikes her. She falls]

Are you trying to make a play out of this?You arrogant page,
here's your part.

PISANIO.
O gentlemen, help!
Mine and your mistress! O, my lord Posthumus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now. Help, help!
Mine honour'd lady!

Oh gentlemen, help!
Your mistress and mine!Oh, my lord Posthumus!
You hadn't killed Imogen until now!Help, help!
My honoured lady!

CYMBELINE.
Does the world go round?

Is this real?

POSTHUMUS.
How comes these staggers on me?

Why do I feel so faint?

PISANIO.
Wake, my mistress!

Wake up, my mistress!

CYMBELINE.
If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

If this is so, the gods want me to
die of joy.

PISANIO.
How fares my mistress?

How is my mistress?

IMOGEN.
O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison. Dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Oh, get out of my sight;
you gave me poison.You dangerous fellow, get out!
Don't be where there are princes.

CYMBELINE.
The tune of Imogen!

It sounds like Imogen!

PISANIO.
Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing! I had it from the Queen.

Lady,
may the gods throw burning rocks at me, if
I didn't think that box I gave you was
a good thing!I had it from the Queen!

CYMBELINE.
New matter still?

Is this something else new?

IMOGEN.
It poison'd me.

It poisoned me.

CORNELIUS.
O gods!

I left out one thing which the Queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest. 'If Pisanio
Have' said she 'given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.'

Oh gods!
I left out one thing the Queen admitted to,
which shows that you are honest. She said,
'If Pisanio has given his mistress that concotion
which I gave him as medicine, she is poisoned
as I would poison a rat.'

CYMBELINE.
What's this, Cornelius?

What's this, Cornelius?

CORNELIUS.
The Queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem. I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en would cease
The present pow'r of life, but in short time
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?

The Queen, sir, very often asked me
to make posions for her, pretending that
she was only trying to learn about them by killing
low creatures of no worth, such as cats and dogs.
Fearing that she had a more sinister purpose
I made her
a certain potion which, if taken, would stop
all the functions of life, but in a short time
they would all come back again.Have you taken it?

IMOGEN.
Most like I did, for I was dead.

It seems I did, for I was dead.

BELARIUS.
My boys,
There was our error.

My boys,
there was our mistake.

GUIDERIUS.
This is sure Fidele.

This is certainly Fidele.

IMOGEN.
Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock, and now
Throw me again. [Embracing him]

Why did your throw your wife away from you?
Imagine that you are on a rock, and now
try throwing me off again.

POSTHUMUS.
Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Hang there like fruit, my soulmate,
until the tree is dead!

CYMBELINE.
How now, my flesh? my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

What's this, my flesh?My child?
What, am I to be a dummy here?
Aren't you going to speak to me?

IMOGEN.
[Kneeling] Your blessing, sir.

Give me your blessing, sir.

BELARIUS.
[To GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS] Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;
You had a motive for't.

Though you loved this youth,
I don't blame you;
you had reason for it.

CYMBELINE.
My tears that fall
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

May my falling tears
be like holy water on you!Imogen,
your mother's dead.

IMOGEN.
I am sorry for't, my lord.

I am sorry to hear it, my lord.

CYMBELINE.
O, she was naught, and long of her it was
That we meet here so strangely; but her son
Is gone, we know not how nor where.

Oh, she was nothing, and it's because of her
that we meet here; but her son

is gone, we don't know how or where.

PISANIO.
My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn, foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he enforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour. What became of him
I further know not.

My lord, now I no longer fear, let me speak the truth.Lord Cloten,
when my lady went missing, came to me
with his sword out, foaming at the mouth, and swore that
if I didn't tell him where she had gone
I would die at once.I happened
to have a forged letter of my master's
in my pocket, which told him
to look for her in the mountains near to Milford;
he set off for there in a frenzy, dressed in
my master's clothes, which he forced me to give him,
with a lustful plan, and swearing he would violate
my lady's honour.I don't know what happened to him
after that.

GUIDERIUS.
Let me end the story:
I slew him there.

Let me finish the story:
I killed him there.

CYMBELINE.
Marry, the gods forfend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence. Prithee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Please, gods, don't let that be true!
I wouldn't want to have to speak harshly to you
after your good deeds.Please, brave youth,
deny it again.

GUIDERIUS.
I have spoke it, and I did it.

I have said it, and I did it.

CYMBELINE.
He was a prince.

He was a prince.

GUIDERIUS.
A most incivil one. The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me. I cut off's head,
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

A very rude one.The wrongs he did me
were nothing princely; he provoked me
with language that would make me fight the sea,
if it roared at me like that.I cut off his head,
and I'm very glad it's him, not me, who survived
to tell this tale.

CYMBELINE.
I am sorry for thee.
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must

Endure our law. Thou'rt dead.

I am sorry for you.
you have been condemned by your own words, and must
face the punishment of the law. You are dead.

IMOGEN.
That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

I thought that headless man
was my lord.

CYMBELINE.
Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Tie up the offender,
and take him away.

BELARIUS.
Stay, sir King.
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself, and hath
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for. [To the guard] Let his arms alone;
They were not born for bondage.

Wait, sir King.
This man is better than the man he killed,
as noble as yourself, and deserves more from you
than a whole band of Clotens
ever did. [To the guard] Leave his arms alone;
they were not born to be tied.

CYMBELINE.
Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent

As good as we?

Why, old soldier,
are you going to undo the good things you have yet
to be paid for, by making me angry?How can he be
as noble as me?

ARVIRAGUS.
In that he spake too far.

He said too much, saying that.

CYMBELINE.
And thou shalt die for't.

And you shall die for it.

BELARIUS.
We will die all three;
But I will prove that two on's are as good
As I have given out him. My sons, I must
For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech,
Though haply well for you.

All three of us will die;
But I will prove that two of us are as good
as I have told him.My sons, I must
say something that will be dangerous for me,
though it might be good for you.

ARVIRAGUS.
Your danger's ours.

We share your danger.

GUIDERIUS.
And our good his.

And we share our good.

BELARIUS.
Have at it then by leave!
Thou hadst, great King, a subject who
Was call'd Belarius.

Well then, let's speak of it!
You had, great King, a subject who
was called Belarius.

CYMBELINE.
What of him? He is
A banish'd traitor.

What about him?He is
an exiled traitor.

BELARIUS.
He it is that hath
Assum'd this age; indeed a banish'd man;
I know not how a traitor.

It's him who is this old man
in front of you; certainly an exile,
but I don't know how I'm a traitor.

CYMBELINE.
Take him hence,
The whole world shall not save him.

Take him away.
Nothing shall save him.

BELARIUS.
Not too hot.
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons,
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Don't be so hasty.
First pay me for raising your sons,
and let it all be confiscated, as soon
as you've paid me.

CYMBELINE.
Nursing of my sons?

Raising my sons?

BELARIUS.
I am too blunt and saucy: here's my knee.
Ere I arise I will prefer my sons;
Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

I am too rude and cheeky: I shall kneel.
Before I get up I will offer you my sons;
then don't spare the old father.Great sir,
these two young gentlemen who call me father,
and think they are my sons, are no sons of mine;
they were fathered by you, my lord,
they share your blood.

CYMBELINE.
How? my issue?

What?I fathered them?

BELARIUS.
So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd.
Your pleasure was my ne're offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes-
For such and so they are- these twenty years

Have I train'd up; those arts they have as
Could put into them. My breeding was, sir, as
Your Highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment; I mov'd her to't,
Having receiv'd the punishment before
For that which I did then. Beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason. Their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again, and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

As certainly as your father did you.I, old Morgan,
am that Belarius whom you once banished.
I did nothing wrong, there was no treason, and my
punishment came from your imagination.The only wrong
was my suffering.These gentle princes -
for that is what they are - I have raised for the last
twenty years; they have such accomplishments
as I could give them.My ancestry was, sir, as
you know.Their nurse, Euriphile,
whom I married for carrying out the theft, stole these children
when I was exiled; I persuaded her to do it,
having already got the punishment
before I did the crime.Being punished when loyal
moved me to commit treason.Their huge loss,
the more you felt it, the more it made
me determined to steal them.But, gracious sir,
here are your sons back again, and I must lose
two of the sweetest companions in the world.
May the blessings of heaven above
fall on their heads like dew!For they are as good
as the stars in the sky.

CYMBELINE.

Thou weep'st and speak'st.
The service that you three have done is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children.
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

You weep as you speak.
The service you have done is more
unusual than your tale.I lost my children.
If these are them, I couldn't wish for
a better pair of sons.

BELARIUS.
Be pleas'd awhile.
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius;
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by th' hand
Of his queen mother, which for more probation
I can with ease produce.

Wait for a while.
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
is truly named, most worthy prince, as your son, Guideius;
this gentleman, my Cadwal, is Arviragus,
your younger princely son; he, sir, was wrapped
in a most unusual cloak, made by the hand
of the queen, his mother, and I can easily
produce it to give more proof.

CYMBELINE.
Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

Guiderius had
a mole on his neck in the shape of a star;
it amazed everyone.

BELARIUS.
This is he,
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp.
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

He is the one,
who still has that birthmark.
It was wise nature's purpose in giving it to him
that it should be his proof now.

CYMBELINE.
O, what am I?
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more. Blest pray you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now! O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Oh, what am I?
A mother giving birth to three?No mother
was ever happier at a birth.May you be blessed,
so that after this strange removal from your natural orbits
you can rule in them now!Oh Imogen,
this means you have lost a kingdom.

IMOGEN.
No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by't. O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker! You call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister: I you brothers,
When we were so indeed.

No, my lord;
I have got two worlds from it.Oh my gentle brothers,
is this how we met?Oh, you can never say from now on
that I am not the truest speaker!You called me brother,

when I was only your sister: I called you brothers,
when you actually were.

CYMBELINE.
Did you e'er meet?

Did you ever meet?

ARVIRAGUS.
Ay, my good lord.

Yes, my good lord.

GUIDERIUS.
And at first meeting lov'd,
Continu'd so until we thought he died.

And we loved him at our first meeting,
and carried on doing so until we thought he was dead.

CORNELIUS.
By the Queen's dram she swallow'd.

From the Queen's potion she drank.

CYMBELINE.
O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded,
And all the other by-dependences,
From chance to chance; but nor the time nor place
Will serve our long interrogatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;

And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
Each object with a joy; the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.
[To BELARIUS] Thou art my brother; so we'll hold thee ever.

What an amazing instinct!
When will I hear the end?This harsh cut version
must have many subplots, each of which
will be rich on their own.Where did you live, and how?
How did you come to serve with our Roman prisoner?
How did you split from your brothers?How did you first meet them?
Why did you flee the court?Where did you go?These,
and why you three were in the battle, with
I don't know what else, should be asked about,
along with all the other side stories,
from one thing to the next; but this is not the time
nor the place for long interrogations.See,
Posthumus is anchored to Imogen;
and she, like harmless lightning, flashes her eyes
on him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting each object
with happiness; and so we all respond.
Let's leave this place,
and smoke out the temple with our sacrifices.
[to Belarius] You are my brother, and always will be.

IMOGEN.
You are my father too, and did relieve me
To see this gracious season.

You are my father too, and you saved me
so I could see this happy time.

CYMBELINE.
All o'erjoy'd
Save these in bonds. Let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

All are overjoyed
except for the prisoners.Let them be joyful too,
for they shall taste my mercy.

IMOGEN.
My good master,
I will yet do you service.

My good master,
I will serve you well yet.

LUCIUS.
Happy be you!

May you be happy!

CYMBELINE.
The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

The lowly soldier, who fought so nobly,
would have fitted in very well here, and deserved
the king's thanks.

POSTHUMUS.
I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo. I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

I, sir, am
the soldier that fought with these three
in poor clothes; it was a disguise for
the plan I was then following.That I was him,
tell them, Iachimo.I had you down, and could
have killed you.

IACHIMO.
[Kneeling] I am down again;
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe; but your ring first,
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith.

I am down again;
but now it is my heavy guilt that makes me bend
as you did.Take the life, I beg you,
which I owe so many times over.But first take your ring,
and here is the bracelet of the truest princess
that ever swore to be faithful.

POSTHUMUS.
Kneel not to me.
The pow'r that I have on you is to spare you;
The malice towards you to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better.

Do not kneel to me.
The power I have over you is to spare you,
and the malice I have is forgiveness.Live,
and deal better with others.

CYMBELINE.
Nobly doom'd!
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

A noble sentence!
I'll learn generosity from my son-in-law;
everyone is pardoned.

ARVIRAGUS.
You holp us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;

Joy'd are we that you are.

You are so kind to us, sir,
as if you really meant to be our brother;
we are glad that you are.

POSTHUMUS.
Your servant, Princes. Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer. As I slept, methought
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness that I can
Make no collection of it. Let him show
His skill in the construction.

I am your servant, princes.My good lord of Rome,
call out your fortuneteller.As I slept, I thought
great Jupiter, riding on his eagle,
appeared to me, with other lively apparitions
of my own family.When I woke, I found
this label on my chest; it's so hard
to interpret that I can make no sense of it.
Let him show his interpretative skills.

LUCIUS.
Philarmonus!

Philarmonus!

SOOTHSAYER.
Here, my good lord.

Here, my good lord.

LUCIUS.
Read, and declare the meaning.

Read this, and tell us what it means.

SOOTHSAYER.
[Reads] 'When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself
unknown, without seeking find, and be embrac'd by
a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall
be lopp'd branches which, being dead many years, shall
after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow;
then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate
and flourish in peace and plenty.'
Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.
[To CYMBELINE] The piece of tender air, thy virtuous
daughter,
Which we call 'mollis aer,' and 'mollis aer'
We term it 'mulier'; which 'mulier' I divine
Is this most constant wife, who even now
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.

'When the child of a lion shall find without seeking,
unbeknownst to himself, and be embraced by a piece of tender air;
and when from a great cedar tree branches are lopped which,
having been dead for many years, will afterwards revive, be grafted
onto the old tree, and grow afresh; then the misery of Posthumus will end,
and Britain shall be lucky and flourish with peace and prosperity.'
You, Leonatus, are the lion's child;
the construction of your name, being
Leo-natus, tells us that.
[to Cymbeline] The piece of tender air is your virtuous daughter,
which we can call "tender air"; it means
this most loyal wife, who even now,
matching the writing exactly,
unknown to you, unsought, is being embraced
by this most tender air.

CYMBELINE.

This hath some seeming.

This seems to make sense.

SOOTHSAYER.
The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee; and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth, who, by Belarius stol'n,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd, whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
represents you; and your lopped branches
represent your two sons, who, stolen by Belarius,
thought dead for many years, have now been revived,
joined to the majestic cedar, and the result
promises Britain peace and plenty.

CYMBELINE.
Well,
My peace we will begin. And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Caesar
And to the Roman empire, promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen,
Whom heavens in justice, both on her and hers,
Have laid most heavy hand.

Good,
we will begin my peace.And, Caius Lucius,
although we won, we submit to Caesar
and to the Roman empire, promising
to pay our usual tribute, which we were
dissuaded from by our wicked queen,
whom the heavens have justifiably
harshly punished, both her and her son.

SOOTHSAYER.

The fingers of the pow'rs above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke
Of yet this scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd; for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself and in the beams o' th' sun
So vanish'd; which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
Th'imperial Caesar, Caesar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

The fingers of the powers above are tuning
the sweet music of this peace.The vision
which I shared with Lucius on the eve
of this just finished battle has now come
completely true; for the Roman eagle,
soaring on high from south to west,
became smaller and so vanished
in the sunbeams; this predicted our princely eagle,
the emperor Caesar, would again join
himself with the radiant Cymbeline,
who shines here in the west.

CYMBELINE.
Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our bless'd altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward; let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together. So through Lud's Town march;
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.
Set on there! Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

Exeunt

We praise the gods;

let the twisting smoke of our sacrifices rise to their noses
from our sacred altars.Announce this peace
to all my subjects.Let's set out; let
a Roman and a British flag fly
friendly together.So march through London,
and we'll sign our peace in the temple
of great Jupiter; we'll seal it with feasting.
Let's go!A war never ended before with such peace
before the blood was even washed off the soldiers' hands.